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PRICE



# WOMEN'S WEEKLY



**OUR REDEX TEAM—See story page 35**



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BRISBANE OFFICE: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 405F, G.P.O.  
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PERTH OFFICE: 40 Stirling St., Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.  
TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.

AUGUST 24, 1955

Vol. 23, No. 13

### ATOMS FOR PEACE NOT WAR

THE atoms-for-peace conference just ending at Geneva is the world's most significant event since the Big Four meeting which preceded it.

Probably the conference will lead, in time, to all sorts of peacetime atomic marvels. But those marvels, no matter how marvellous, won't be the greatest good that will come from the discussions.

Of more fundamental human value are the discussions themselves.

The fact that 1200 scientists from 72 nations should have spent 11 days openly discussing matters which until so recently have been top secret is more wonderful than any atomic machine could ever be.

The heavy curtain of secrecy, suspicion, and fear which has surrounded atomic research has added enormously to the tensions of an uneasy world.

Solemn warnings that atomic power leaves only two alternatives—peace or annihilation—need no stressing for most people. Their own fears convince them of the truth of the warnings.

This conference, where such things as plutonium extractors and research reactors have been as openly displayed as pots of jam at a church fete, has brought atomic machinery out of the realms of secret horror.

Though only a few people can understand the scientific principles of atomic power, the whole world can comprehend the human significance of sharing the secrets of that power.

It is in this sharing of knowledge, coupled as it has been with the desire of 72 nations to use atomic power to serve man, not destroy him, that the real benefit of the Geneva conference has lain.

The conference has given its delegates a chance to be something far greater than scientists splitting atoms. They have become human being, uniting human beings.

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### Our cover:

● Our Redex team, Helen Frizell, captain, Enid Nunn, driver-mechanic, and Betty Best, driver, wearing the denim overalls they designed to match their Holden car, with which they are photographed. They are calling it Narda, as they called last year's trial car, after the heroine of the Mandrake strip. Helen and Enid are veterans of last year's round-Australia Redex trial. Betty is a new-chum, but she had plenty of experience of rough roads when she drove a jeep in New Guinea. Story and pictures of other women entrants in this year's trial on page 35.

### This week:

● First progress prize of £10 in our £2000 Cookery Contest is announced on page 61, on which full details of the contest are given. Proceeds will help the Barnardo Homes for Children in Australia.

### Next week:

● You will see proud parents Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lucke, of Bundaberg, with their quadruplet babies, photographed together for the first time—and in color.

● Color photographs of the newest prints from Paris and London spring collections show opposing trends in material design. Some are misty florals, others sharp, clear colors on white backgrounds.

● Graceful indoor plants shown in color with full directions for growing them make a gardening feature which will appeal to flat-dwellers as well as to the possessors of gardens. These unusual plants, selected because of their decorative qualities, show what an asset an indoor garden can be to any room.

### THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

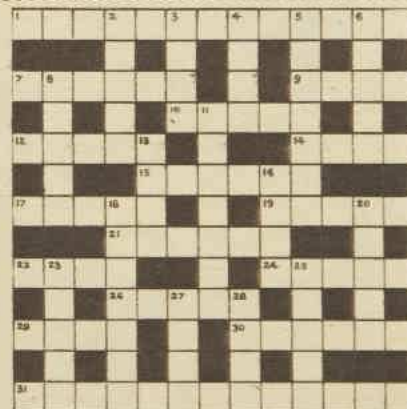
#### ACROSS

1. Throw out the fish after a tempting fruit to make a pudding (5, 8).
7. Stain of a boxer's hand in a ring (6).
9. What belongs to you and to me could be sour (4).
10. So men produce forebodings (6).
12. Punny for a medico to look back to fifty (5).
14. I and a Latin goddess have a thought (4).
15. O (6).
17. Joe Palooka for instance (5).
19. Greet the lesser white heron (5).
21. Such a body is spiritual (6).
22. Soon after a negotiation (4).
24. Taxes for a small bed in a steamer (5).
26. To make this fabric will is not enough (5).
29. Mark left by cars (4).
30. Chain for a good consort (6).
31. Order appreciated by waiters (4, 3, 6).

Solution will be published next week.

DECORATION D  
ARJUA MA  
NEEDLES ELGAR  
CENSES SENA  
ELDER ELAPSES  
L L R O  
ALBION SPIRAL  
S T A C  
SPREADS METAL  
E I H S E R U  
TEGE ENTRAIN  
T E A T E M G  
S APOSTROPHE

Solution to last week's crossword.



#### DOWN

2. Woman well balanced between fifty fifty (5).
3. With nothing father can make a wall decoration (4).
4. Such field may belong to me, but it's not suitable for agriculture (4).
5. Gilt solo (Anagr. 7).
6. She may have a brother, yet she is not quite a sister (5).
8. If you are in difficulty no friend would leave you in this (5).
11. Strange that what concerns a high municipal office is mainly amoral. Why? (7).
13. Look the afterthought: alouches (4).
16. Cold-blooded, slippery creatures (4).
18. Contrivance for catching trespassers where the pitfall if turned is not a whole (3, 4).
20. Come in! (5).
23. Shallow recess which is outwardly nice (5).
25. Poisonous snake with the head of a swan (5).
27. A dozen of them would not take you farther than a foot (4).
28. The French I see is secular (4).



# MY BROTHER'S KEEPER



**DISCOVERY** of the bodies of two recluses in a rubbish-filled New York house leads to the unfolding of this story about them . . . SEYMOUR and RANDALL HOLT led an unnatural childhood, dominated by iron-willed GRANDMAMA HOLT, while their mother, LILY, became a nervous wreck.

Randall, with his mother's soft disposition, grows up to be completely subdued, taking refuge in his music, for which he has outstanding talent.

Seymour, with much of the old woman's own spirit, learns to defy her, and the stroke which causes her death follows his bitter abuse of her for an act of particular cruelty.

But even her death fails to set them free, as her will ties up all the family money, and forces them to remain in the hated old house where they have always lived.

Lily, in any case, now seems too enfeebled to take up a new life of her own. NOW READ ON:

**P**ROFESSOR MUNDT from his shabby armchair looked over the tops of his half-spectacles and nodded his white head slowly. Randall had finished the Waldstein Sonata and sat tired, with his hands in his lap.

Sometimes at these moments he bent his head in a certain way which touched the old Professor and gave him at the same time a sense of anxiety. There seemed a meekness about Randall, a lack of assurance as if in silent pleading for approval, which was not part of the personality of an artist.

Yet he played well. His technique was good, his musical taste sound so far as it was formed, his keyboard mastery more than satisfactory for a student of his age, especially, thought the Professor, for one with a meagre musical background.

Professor Mundt had always said that Randall could only develop the stature of an artist by intensive study and life in Europe, preferably in Vienna since that had been the old man's own birthplace and the Conservatorium his musical home. This idea had been so long taken for granted yet so vaguely suspended that to Seymour it had become a back-

drop for Randall undiscussed like the streaked purplish-striped wallpaper in the drawing-room, about which something would one day have to be done.

But his teacher knew that Randall's day had come now. The boy was nearly nineteen years old, there was no more time to waste.

"So," said the Professor. "I haf finished vit' you."

Randall looked up with surprise. "What do you mean, Professor?"

"Just vat I said. I haf done all I am goot for, you go no farder vit' me. Now you go to Wien."

"It hadn't occurred to me just yet," Randall spoke with hesitation.

"It should. Now you finish your school, finish vit' nonsense —" The old hands went up in a gesture of finality.

Randall rose slowly from the stool and stood in the bend of the piano with his hands in the pockets of his jacket. His teacher sat looking at him, unconsciously nodding a little at his own thoughts: it was a handsome lad, a beautiful one; look at that fine head with the golden curls, the wide blue

Randall could only follow helplessly as the strange woman drew him on through the vast carnival crowds.

eyes, the intelligent broad brow; the mouth and chin, however, a bit too soft? Too much of the mother there? Ach, the boy could grow a beard!

"How do I know I could get into the Conservatorium?" asked Randall. "Maybe I'm not good enough."

"I haf prepared you for the examinations. I tell you you pass, you leaf such t'ings to decide by me. The journey decides your brother, nicht?"

"Well—yes. Of course, my mother—"

"Your mother has no authority." Not for nothing had the Professor been Randall's teacher for ten years. "Now already since last year can your brother give permission. You send him here, say I wish to talk vit' him."

"He's very busy just now," said Randall uneasily. "He's

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**Instalment two of our dramatic serial by MARCIA DAVENPORT**

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 24, 1955

Page 3



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# DAISY PULLED THE STRINGS

By CYNTHIA HATHAWAY

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS

IT was not often that Lucia Martin congratulated herself upon her business acumen or her efficiency. But on this particular morning it seemed to her that for once she had done a sensible thing.

She had, actually, been driven to putting the advertisement for a daily help in the newspaper out of sheer desperation. The advertisement had made no glowing promises as to wages or hours. On the other hand, it had been so couched, Lucia felt, that a "daily" worth her weight in gold would be instantly attracted by it, while the shiftless ones would pass over it.

The situation was as acute as it was largely because of her husband's attitude. Lucia felt she could easily have managed to look after just the two of them in the small, practically designed house; but Dick, who had seen his mother work herself into a nervous breakdown, was terrified of Lucia lifting an unnecessary finger since her recent operation for appendicitis, followed by a severe attack of influenza.

Lucia would not have dreamed of making an issue of the matter, but she wished ruefully that he would realise that the nervous wear and tear of trying to find somebody responsible to help you was so much greater than the physical exertion of doing it yourself.

The telephone rang and she answered, smiling a smug little smile. Only half-past nine, and applicants were already beginning to pour in. Wrong number! By noon she had realised that, far from pouring in, the applicants were not even going to trickle. Disappointment swept over her.

But at half-past one, when she picked up the receiver, a strange voice announced itself: Daisy Waterbury, aged forty-seven; with a whole chain of references. The voice was quiet, with a rich West Country burr. Lucia had immediate visions of scones and hot pasties.

In a matter of minutes Daisy presented herself at the back door.

She was a short, plump person of great presence and dignity, with the face of a jolly farmer's wife and cheeks like polished apples.

There was one drawback: she was booked for Thursdays.

"But surely you could persuade whoever you work for on Thursdays to let you go," Lucia besought her, "if it would mean a full-time job for you?"

Daisy Waterbury shook her head. "Oh, no, Madam, I couldn't do that. I've been working for Mrs. Thatcher for a long time, and she needs me."

"Very well," Lucia answered, giving in gracefully. "Every day except Thursdays then."

"And Saturdays and Sundays," Daisy pointed out. "I do like to have my weekends to myself."

Lucia nodded. It was all settled, then, and Daisy would begin tomorrow, which was Wednesday. Oh, and the references. If Daisy would give them to her she would ring up the people concerned, just to do the thing properly.

(How impressed Dick would be with her thoroughness!)

As soon as Daisy had left, Lucia rang the first number on the list. The reference proved to be more glowing than her wildest imaginings. It led her to understand that there had never been anybody like Daisy. Capable, honest, cheerful: the list of virtues grew longer and longer. Why had she left? There wasn't enough work in the reference's tiny new flat to keep Daisy busy.

The next morning, Daisy appeared in a neat navy-blue dress covered with a spotless apron.

"Mrs. Thatcher likes me in something like this," she announced, "especially when she's entertaining Mr. Thatcher's business friends."

In the course of the morning Daisy had occasion to mention Mrs. Thatcher several times. Questioned, Lucia was forced to admit that she was totally unacquainted with her rival employer. She did not find it odd, at the time, when Daisy urged her to think again. Hadn't she even heard of Mrs. Thatcher? Lucia was forced to admit that she had not. And immediately felt that she had gone down in Daisy's estimation.

When Daisy discovered that there were no pets in the Martin household, she pronounced it to be a definite failing. A kitten, now—there was nothing so delightful about the house as a pretty little kitten. She said this at the very moment that a stray cat mewed piteously at the back door and walked in.

"Mrs. Thatcher, now, she's very partial to cats. She's got three of the prettiest little kittens you've ever seen." The stray cat was a marmalade color, and really it was not bad-looking—for a stray. "I always say, there's something wrong with a house where there are no pets," Daisy finished.

"So what could I do?" Lucia pleaded to Dick that evening.

And, really, in a remarkably short time they had both become ridiculously attached to the little cat.

It was almost the same story with the budgerigar.

"You see that ducky little bird?" Daisy said, pointing to a picture in a magazine she was folding. "Mrs. Thatcher got one of those yesterday; a pretty little blue one. She says they get to understand you just like dogs. Must be good company when you're alone."

"Mmm—" said Lucia, picking up the magazine.

"You know, I really miss that budgie when I come here to work, Mrs. Martin," Daisy said solemnly, two weeks later.

"How much are budgerigars?" Lucia asked Dick casually that night. "I've been hearing a lot about them lately and I think it might be rather fun to have one."

She feared daily that Daisy might decide she could no longer bear a house without a budgerigar. And it turned out that Sweetie, swinging on the perch in his cage in the dining-room, was as

much a delight to Lucia as he was to Daisy.

Lucia began to hope, as the autumn days shortened, that she was proving her mettle as Mrs. Thatcher's rival, and that there would be no further need to enlarge her menage to keep pace. And Daisy seemed blessedly content with the Martins.

Christmas approached. Lucia did her shopping, ordered a fruit cake and bought a handsome wreath and a spray of evergreens for the mantelpiece.

Daisy paused in the middle of dusting. "That looks really pretty, Mrs. Martin, but when are you getting your tree?"

"Well, you see, Daisy, Mr. Martin and I don't bother about a tree—we think it's rather silly, just for the two of us. We just have holly instead."

"No tree?" Daisy said incredulously.

"I suppose the Thatchers have a tree this year?" Lucia inquired, a little piqued by Daisy's obvious disapproval.

"Mrs. Thatcher always has a big tree," Daisy said. "All covered with shiny stuff and little ornaments and fairy lights. And she puts all the presents for her and Mr. Thatcher underneath. It wouldn't be Christmas, she says, without a tree."

Lucia was deflated. And then she thought of the Christmases at her old home, and the tree-trimming party.

The tree, when it arrived, was tall





enough and thick enough to make Dick's eyes open wide when he opened the front door.

"What on earth . . ." he began, and then paused, breathing deeply. "That smells marvellous—just like Christmas, somehow. You need a tree to get in the right mood, don't you?"

The final accolade came from Daisy. "Oh, my goodness, what a pretty tree!" she gasped when she saw it. "It's not as big as Mrs. Thatcher's, but it's much shinier."

Altogether it was the best Christmas Lucia and Dick had ever had. Lucia spared a moment to hope that the Thatchers were having a nice one, too.

The grey damp of December drifted into the icy winds of January. Dick was working harder than ever at the office, and Lucia saw him less and less. She was normally a healthy person, but she still felt unusually limp and lifeless from the after-effects of the debilitating influenza.

Tidying up one morning, Daisy said impressively, "Mrs. Thatcher had some good news yesterday. She's been feeling poorly, just like you, and yesterday Mr. Thatcher came home with some tickets for a cruise on a big ship."

"And what, may I ask, does Mr. Thatcher do for a living, that he can just go off on a cruise whenever he feels like it?" Lucia inquired acidly.

"He works in an office, like Mr. Martin," Daisy said, after a moment's concentrated thought. "But he says that the only thing that matters is for Mrs. Thatcher to feel fit—they didn't have a proper holiday last summer."

"Well, Mr. Martin would just suggest that I should go and lie down for a while, if I got ideas like that."

But palms began to move before Lucia's mind's eye; tropical breezes stirred her brown curls. She and Dick were on a boat-deck dancing under the stars. She went about making the suggestion to Dick with a crafty delicacy.

His reply astonished her—although she knew he still had some leave due, which he had not taken because of her illness.

"I thought you were too busy with

your bridge club and the institute and so forth even to be interested," he said. "As it happens, things are letting up a bit at the office, and, as we've saved so hard . . . I was thinking only the other day how nice it would be not to wait till June to take that holiday abroad we promised ourselves, but get some sun now . . . Athens and on to Cyprus, if I can manage the three weeks."

The cat was going to have kittens. This was the first information Lucia received when she burst into the house after three glorious weeks. But how good it was to be home!

"We all missed you, Mrs. Martin," Daisy beamed. "That holiday's certainly put the roses back in your cheeks."

"I'm glad Mr. Thatcher had that excellent idea about the cruise," Lucia laughed. "I don't think we'd ever have got round to a holiday at all otherwise. Did they have a good time, by the way? I do hope they enjoyed themselves."

"Oh, yes," Daisy said hastily. "They had a lovely time."

"I'm glad," Lucia said. "You know, I feel it would be nice to thank Mrs. Thatcher."

"Oh, no, Madam; she mightn't like it if she knew I'd been talking to you about them. I'd be grateful if you wouldn't say anything," Daisy said.

It developed into a game with Lucia, imagining what Mr. and Mrs. Thatcher might look like. Tall, she supposed, well set up, handsome, blissfully happy together. Her one fear was that the day might come when Mrs. Thatcher would say, "Daisy, I really need you full time." For, fond as Lucia knew Daisy to be of herself and Dick, she could not doubt where her profoundest loyalties lay.

"What's that you're knitting, Mrs. Martin?" Daisy inquired a few weeks later. "What pretty pink wool." Conspiratorial secrecy was in her smile.

"Oh, it's not for me," Lucia chuckled. "It's for the bazaar."

Daisy gave her an odd look. "You

look just right with that knitting. I don't think I've ever seen such fine stitches as those."

"What about Mrs. Thatcher?" Lucia asked wickedly.

Daisy considered. "You're both very clever ladies," she said impartially, as she left the room.

She came to work on Monday with a glint in her eye.

"Oh, such a lovely thing has happened," she began. "I do like working in a house where there's a baby."

Lucia looked at her closely. "Mrs. Thatcher?" she inquired. Daisy nodded her slow assent.

"I shouldn't really tell you, Mrs. Martin—it being a secret—but I was so thrilled when Mrs. Thatcher told me. I love working in a house where there's a baby."

Envy stirred in Lucia. She tried for a moment to persuade herself that her

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Daisy was just saying that there was nothing nicer than a cat about the house when a stray walked in.

John Walsh





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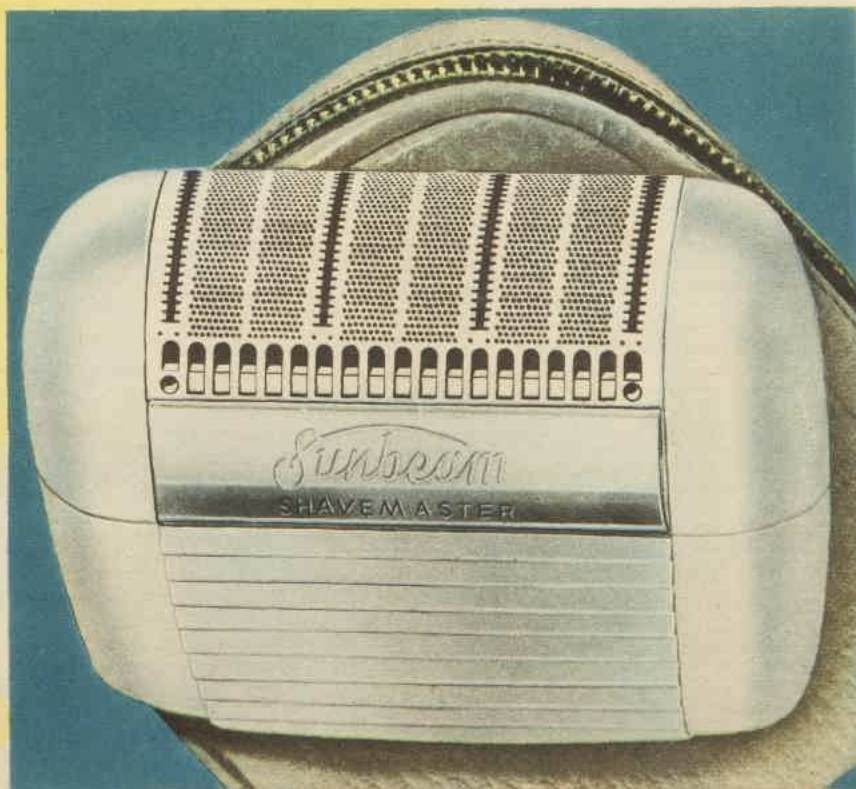
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 24, 1955



# PINK IS FOR GIRLS

BY JAMES ROBERT

Illustrated by DUNLOP

**T**HOMAS WILSON, floor manager, second floor, of the biggest country branch of Benton's Department Stores, frowned at Sally Ryan, his blond assistant, and realised that it would be a simple matter to lose all patience with her—provided he didn't love her so much.

"Miss Ryan," he said in a voice that meant to be icily cold, "I think you have some explanations to make."

Sally came across to his desk and stood in front of him, her blue eyes wide open. Her hands clasped nervously in front of her, the sunlight streaming through the office window came to glisten on the diamond in the ring on her left hand.

The ring he had slipped on her finger just two months ago. But what was she saying?

"I don't mean to cause embarrassing situations, Tommy," Sally said contritely.

Now, said Tommy to himself, this is the moment to take a stern hand, to make her realise she simply can't go on in such a thoughtless way, that she really must . . .

Instead of which, he looked deep in her blue eyes and said weakly, "I know, darling."

Sally came quickly around to him and perched herself on his knee.

"You're still angry because I painted the filing cabinets?"

"No, I'm not. But why three different colors?"

Sally smiled secretively. "That's my new system," she said.

Tommy grinned. "All right, darling, but the inspector is due here from Adelaide today. All I ask is that when he comes you leave things

to me. The general manager would like nothing better than to find that something is wrong."

"I'll do the right thing," Sally assured him staunchly.

"Don't," Tommy told her. "I love you as you are!" And he kissed the tip of her nose . . .

The inspector, a Mr. Duff, arrived on the second floor just after lunch. He looked as though lunch hadn't agreed with him. He was a dour, bald gentleman.

Mr. Phillips, the general manager, tall and austere, trailed behind him at a respectful distance. Tommy brought up the rear. The solemn procession terminated in Tommy's office. Sally stood rigid beside her desk, looking fluffy, flustered, and feminine.

She hoped Tommy wouldn't think it silly of her to have put a vase of daffodils on his desk. She thought it really did give a charming touch to the office.

Besides, the flowers went nicely with the filing-cabinets . . . that is, if Mr. Duff was the sort of man who liked color, and now, from the first look of him, he didn't look as though he would like anything much at all.

"And this, sir, is Miss Ryan, my assistant," Tommy said proudly.

Mr. Duff presented her with a courtly bow. Sally bowed back and beamed. The corners of Mr. Duff's mouth rose tentatively. It was the first sign of thaw.

"Everything looks fine in here," he said. Sally bowed again. When she straightened, her eyes widened, she swallowed visibly, and her

mouth dropped open. Mr. Duff was heading for the painted filing cabinets.

"Oh! Look!" Sally squeaked, and she pointed dramatically towards the window. The three men stared and then followed her point.

Mr. Duff was first to the window. Mr. Phillips was next, and an anxious Tommy brought up the rear. "What is it? Do you see anything there?" asked Mr. Phillips.

"Not a thing," said Mr. Duff—and then he gasped. "Good heavens, yes! The flagpole! The bolts are loose. Why, a strong wind might plunge it into the street at any moment. Might kill a dozen people! Phillips, this is criminal negligence!"

Mr. Phillips blanched. "That, of course," he said, "is the responsibility of the maintenance department."

"As general manager, Phillips, your responsibility cannot be departmentalised. There are other

infractions I have noticed." He glanced back at Sally. "But this is hardly the place . . ." he added.

The procession filed out. At the door, Mr. Duff bowed. But Sally did not bow back, she just smiled weakly . . .

An hour later Tommy was back. "You're fired," he boomed.

"Tommy!"

"All right," he laughed, "you can resign. I'm being recommended for a promotion, and now we can get married."

"You mean we passed the inspection?"

"He loved us," Tommy said. "He loved everything, even your cabinets. He said they showed modern efficiency—you knew just where your records were filed by color! He thought I was a pretty smart boy to have not only the most attractive but the most competent and observant assistant in the store!"

"Oh, Tommy," Sally said, "I'm so proud of you."

"I'm proud of you. How did you ever see those loose bolts in the flagpole?"

"I didn't," she said honestly. "I didn't even see the flagpole."

"Then what were you pointing at?"

"Nothing, nothing at all," Sally said miserably. "I had to do something to stop Mr. Duff from opening the filing cabinets. You see, the yellow one—that's for sunny days. I hide my yellow hat and new suede shoes in there. The grey one—that's for grey days. I hide my raincoat and overshoes and umbrella in there."

"And the pink one—well, if he opened that one, just imagine what he would have said if he had seen the booties and bonnet I'm trying to knit for my little god-daughter!"

(Copyright)



"This is Miss Ryan, my assistant," said Tommy proudly as Sally bowed gracefully to Mr. Duff.



# Rich Young Man

HE fell in love with her because she was so shabby. As shabby as he was himself. His bed was down at the end of the ward near the door. He saw all the nurses having bits of quiet fun in the passage when Sister was far away. He saw them departing on their days off, glamorous in flower hats and make-up.

The little girl he fell in love with always wore a rather scruffed camel-hair coat, and carried a pair of shabby gauntleted leather gloves. She used no make-up, nor did she ever seem to take part in the general gaieties. She did not smoke, and he never saw her eating a chocolate.

If anyone was ill, or had to go to a wedding or to meet a boy-friend, she seemed to be the one who always stood in. There she would be, very neat and demure in her uniform. Wearing shabby shoes.

She intrigued him. "Don't you ever have any fun?" he asked her the evening she turned up to do Nurse Rose's night duty, because Nurse Rose had to meet a friend just back from Malta.

She gave him a startled look. "Why, yes . . . I have lots of fun," she said, and bustled off down the ward as though he had threatened to bite her. A queer girl. He thought about her a lot. He had plenty of time for thought.

All the long day he had nothing to do but listen to the rattle of the Agony Waggon as it passed up and down the passage, taking away or bringing back prone forms from the aseptic chamber under the bright arc lights, where recently they had dealt so efficiently with him. In the world he had inhabited long ago, he had been a chartered accountant, but in his low moments now he was certain no one would remember him, or even his name, save those who read the chart that hung on his bed-end, replete with shame-making details about his inside.

He was a long, thin young man, humble because often he had to wear glasses, because of eye-strain born of puzzling over other people's income tax problems. He never felt girls were interested in him, nor that he had the answer to any of their problems unless they happened to be mathematical ones.

And the fact that not one of the debutantes he had dined and danced with through the long season came to see him after his accident or sent him as much as a postcard from the Highlands where they attended the Gatherings confirmed his worst fears.

After he got to know Nurse Clova he didn't mind. She was the only one he really liked, because she was different. Nurse Rose, his special, was supposed to be like some film star or other—he couldn't remember which, and certainly she had a very retrousse nose, so retrousse that Philip sometimes fancied he could see her brain working—but he did not like her.

She was hearty, and he suspected her of keeping the thermometer in his mouth ten instead of three minutes, from malice aforethought. The first time they let him get up, she was positively brutal. Instead of guiding his tottering footsteps, she handed him two sticks with rubber jujubes on the ends of them, and abandoned him.

"Nurse Clova would be kinder. When does she come on duty?" he asked, wincing at every step, and certain she would lend him an arm.

"Och, you needn't go sighing for Nurse Clova. 'Tis her day off," said Nurse Rose brightly, and added: "She's gone off to see William."

William! The name fell all about him like a chunked bucket full of iced water. She had always seemed to him so young, and so alone. He hadn't bargained for a young man.

The news depressed him dreadfully as he tottered about, getting his smashed knee to work again. For a brief space he had really hoped there was something for him.

Unfortunately, William had got there first.

In his threadbare pyjamas and the dressing-gown that had seen better days, he got as far as the little office at the end of the passage, on his third day up.

No one was about, for it was the quiet of the

afternoon. He knew it was against regulations, but he needed a rest after his long walk, so in he went and seated himself on the table.

There Nurse Clova found him.

She was dressed to go out, in the shabby coat that endeared her to him so terribly, and, rather to his surprise, he noted that in her hand she carried a large bunch of carrots. It was out before he knew he was going to say it. "Taking them home to William?"

The look she gave him took him quite by surprise. She went very red, and for a moment he thought she was going to cry.

Then she said half defiantly: "Yes, I am," and went off with her head in the air . . . obviously angry.

What have I done? thought Philip. What have I said? Through the night watches, when he could not sleep because of the orchestral snores that surrounded him, Philip lay, making a picture of William.

A night-fighter pilot, probably. (He seemed to remember someone had told him carrots helped people to see in the dark.) A fine upstanding young man he would be, who did not need to wear glasses for reading . . . The thought depressed Philip so much that his temperature sank to sub-normal again. They gave him a tonic, but that wasn't what he needed.

For a while it seemed to him that Clova avoided him, then he discovered it was merely that she was on night duty in a different ward, so he lay in wait for her at the office again, at the time he knew she went out.

"I didn't mean to offend you," he said clumsily. "I didn't realise it was a secret—or anything—about William."

She did not look at him. "That's all right. I'm not vexed. Not really. It was just that I didn't want to have you laughing at me, like all the rest of them."

He sat on the little table, his two walking-sticks like crossed swords beside him. He stared at her in honest amazement not unmixed with relief. Apparently there was something comic about William—and though that was a frail enough straw of hope to cling to, it was better than none at all.

"I know it was silly of me," she went on, speaking very low. "But if you had seen him as I did, being led off to that horrible place—and his poor face and the look he gave me . . ."

Her chin quivered in a way he found unbearable, and he tried to conjure up some sort of answer to the puzzle . . . William was apparently not a dashing airman . . . He sounded more like a criminal, and he wondered pitifully to what awful straits her soft heart had brought her.

"And of course it's been very difficult," she went on. "Happening the way it did—so suddenly—I had no place to take him, and I don't know if you know how much that sort of thing costs . . ."

She looked at him suddenly. Perhaps she read the honest bewilderment in his face. "I thought you said they had told you about William," she said faintly, "and that he's a horse."

Philip's relief was so intense he almost fell off his table. Her eyes blazed, and three lumps of sugar shot out of the blue paper bag she was carrying, and fell on the floor.

"That's what they do to them," she said. "When they are old and past work they take them to some terrible place and kill them . . . I couldn't stand it. He has a nice field and a shed now, and I go down and see him when I can."

That explained a whole lot of things. She was shabby and had no money for amusements, because she had a great horse living on her. He gulped, and for a moment did not know whether it was laughter or something else that half choked him.

Now he loved her more than ever, because she was a darling, and a little crazy, and an idealist and one who would always be on the side of the under-dog. (Or horse.)

Moreover, it did strike him that if his only rival was William, the affair was far from hopeless.

Half ashamed, he heard his own voice proclaiming enthusiastically that he, too, was devoted to horses, which was far from true. He had distrusted them both fore and aft since earliest childhood, but it struck him that, properly used, William might be a link between them. He had to see her somehow after he left hospital.

He said it would give him immense pleasure if, when he could drive his car again, she would let him take her down to visit William.

Her face fell a little when he mentioned his car, and he felt it was a disappointment to her. She would have preferred him to belong to the push-bike brigade. Then she brightened.

"It might be a great help," she said. "I've just bought a beautiful new zinc drinking-trough for him and I couldn't imagine how I was going to get it down there. If it would go on your car . . ."

Philip was determined it would go on his car, even if he had to take his car apart and build it up round the zinc drinking-trough. All the same, he was a little uneasy about it.

In spite of his shabby appearance he happened to own a rather showy sports car, and it became clear to him, during his last days in hospital when he got to know her better, that smart cars and people who got their pictures in society papers were among the things she had set her face against.

It was a comfort to Philip to know that no one ever recognised him from his photographs, but the car wasn't going to be so easy to disguise. The first time he went to fetch her in it, he felt so self-conscious about its shiny and silent beauty that before he knew where he was he had told her it had been lent to him by a friend.

There was nothing premeditated about it, and he had no idea at that time how useful his friend was to become to him. These things just happen.

"It's rather ostentatious, isn't it?" she said, regarding it doubtfully as he loaded the zinc trough on to the back seat. "I don't know what your friend will say, though. It's going to scratch the leather, I'm afraid."

He said his friend wouldn't mind about scratched leather.

The fresh air brought color to her cheeks, and whipped her hair loose into little curls about her face and made it difficult for Philip to drive with care and attention.

And he thought, as they drove through the country lanes starred with dog-roses and fluffy with meadowsweet, what a strange world it is, and how often the thing that seems like a disaster is a piece of amazing good fortune. When they carried him into the hospital he had thought it the end of the world. And look at him now!

Most of the drive she talked to him about animals. She firmly believed them to have far kinder hearts and more loving natures than human beings, and he wondered what had given her that strange idea, and how he was going to cure her of it.

Animals, she said, were so unselfish. They did not amass great fortunes and grind the faces of the poor. Philip could think of one or two mean things they did, but at that time he was in no mood to contradict her, so he let it pass, and listened with what sympathy he could to the story of a baby lamb a farmer once gave her.

"So sweet it was," she said tragically, "and it had no mother." She had brought it up by hand, apparently never dreaming that in time it would turn into a sheep.

Tears filled her eyes as she remembered it, and he could only guess at its sad end—but he loved her

To page 38

For some reason Philip did not understand, Clova seemed to think that her horse, William, was grateful for all she was doing for him.

A romantic short story BY DOROTHY BLACK

B-1







## News for housewives



### NAMCO INTRODUCES THE WORLD'S FINEST SET OF GROUND-BASE SAUCEPANS



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GREATEST  
Time Saver  
Food Saver  
Fuel Saver  
in the Kitchen



## Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every letter published on this page.

### THIS WEEK'S BEST LETTER

I HAVE only recently been made aware of the pain and unhappiness caused to childless couples by tactless, though doubtless well-meant, remarks: "Haven't they any family; why not? . . . Don't you want any children? . . . When are you going to have a baby?" This is surely a most intimate and private affair and I have suffered acutely myself (having lost two babies and still childless) and realise only too bitterly the pain these thoughtless remarks can cause. Much emptiness and anguish may lie behind the blasé facade of a childless married couple. I hope people who read this may take this plea to heart and save someone the needless pain that has been given to me.

£1/1/- to "Nullipara" (name supplied), Auckland, N.Z.

WHAT has happened to the old custom of storekeepers providing chairs for their customers? Years ago they were always placed at intervals along the length of shop counters. There are many people, sick, old, or tired, who would be thankful to rest while waiting to be served. I believe it should be compulsory for shops to provide some seating accommodation for customers.

10/6 to "Sympathy" (name supplied), Collic, W.A.

AT a luncheon at a large Sydney hotel recently, I was struck by the misuse of the cutlery by quite a number of the guests, who were well-dressed, middle-aged city and country people. Last week I helped with a combined teenage dinner. The guests were 12- to 17-year-olds from various colleges and high schools, and the lack, complete in most cases, of ordinary table manners was most marked. Knives were held like pencils, forks as shovels, spoons in vice-like grips; and the diners had no thought of helping their neighbor to condiments—no thought of anything or anyone but themselves. Couldn't a quarter of an hour now and again be devoted at high schools to manners? It would remind those who are taught at home of their need and be a great help for those who are never shown. I think manners are just as necessary for everyday living as being correctly dressed—our young people's aim—or possessing a good pass in academic subjects.

10/6 to "Manners" (name supplied), Lambton, N.S.W.

MOTHERS should start getting their Christmas presents together now before the rush sets in. Now, with plenty of time ahead, one can make useful small gifts instead of having to buy expensive gifts for all. Jams, jellies, pickles, and preserves are most acceptable gifts and can be made now and stored, or at least planned for as fruits and vegetables ripen.

10/6 to "Fair" (name supplied), Brunswick Heads, N.S.W.

### School age

AS a student teacher, I want to disagree with the view held by "Education" that children are sent to school at too young an age (The Australian Women's Weekly, 3/8/55). It is now recognised that a well-trained, kind, and helpful teacher can take the place of a mother during school hours. Mothers have an important place in the education of their children. They help greatly to carry out the aims of the Education Department's syllabus: to develop her child socially, emotionally, physically, and morally.

We do this through newly developed psychological methods. Australians certainly do not send kiddies to school too young. Mothers must realise that at the age of five and six children are becoming individuals and must not at this stage depend on their

parents at all times. They must become self-reliant, yet secure in the knowledge that help is there if necessary. Children, too, at five and six like the company of others of their own age, and the pleasant class-room situations today give them the necessary companionship and lay the foundations of future citizenship.

10/6 to "Student" (name supplied), Hurstville, N.S.W.

### L.s.d. or love

"MARRIAGE or Not" (The Australian Women's Weekly, 27/7/55) asks whether she should heed her mother, who is disappointed because she is thinking of giving up a well-paid job to marry a man on £11 a week. I say to her, if you are both sure you want to marry, go ahead. I gave up a well-paid office job to marry the man of my choice. After our honeymoon (which, incidentally, we paid for with a wedding gift) we arrived here with two suitcases and two shillings in the world between us. That was nearly seven years ago. In that time we have paid for all our furniture (including a washing machine) and have two lovely children. We've had some very lean times, but we've had lots of fun, too, paying our things off. It has been worth any sacrifices we have made and we are completely happy.

10/6 to "Happily Married" (name supplied), Bandiana, Vic.

I SUGGEST "Marriage or Not" goes into the subject of marriage on £11 a week very seriously. These days, I would say it could not be done, unless of course you intend living with Mother rent free. If "Marriage or Not" worked for a few years after her wedding and banked her earnings she would feel much more secure when she did eventually decide to give up work. I cannot see an £11-a-week marriage being happy after the glamor wears off and the couple have to look at every penny of their £11.

10/6 to "Mother of Two" (name supplied), Croydon, N.S.W.

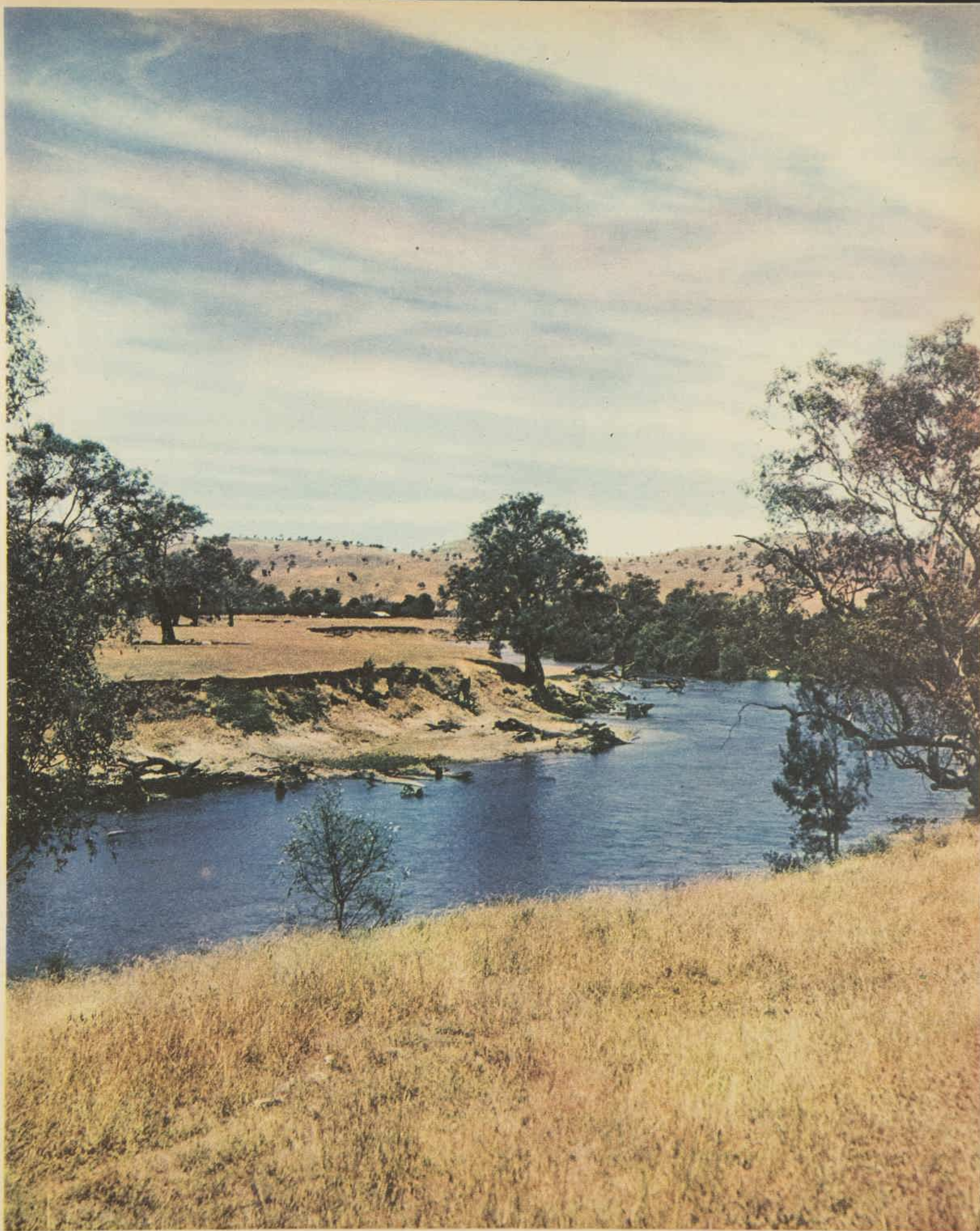
## Family Affairs

• Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

MY son, aged four, was always terrified of Santa Claus. Every Christmas he was miserable until I assured him he would not wake up to find Santa Claus in his room. It became such a problem that at last I asked him could he keep a secret. I told him that once upon a time there really had been a very good old man named Santa Claus, but nowadays Mummies and Daddies and all those who love children played at being Santa Claus and crept into their children's bedrooms when they were fast asleep and left the presents there. I told my son that he, too, could play at being Santa if he would like to. He was thrilled with the idea and had a wonderful time buying little gifts at a chain store. He was in no way disillusioned and is having great pleasure in saving up for Christmas. Last year he enjoyed Christmas for the first time, and although I have been criticised for my action I am quite sure that I did the right thing.

£1/1/- to P.J. (name supplied), Blythe, Tas.





## BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

See page 41 for details of Beautiful Australia gift book.

**MURRUMBIDGEE RIVER** as it flows through Gundagai, chief town of the Lachlan District. The Murrumbidgee divides the town into North and South Gundagai, and this picture was taken looking east from the south end of the road bridge crossing the river. Captain Charles Sturt was the first white man to reach the present site of the town in 1829, but it was not until 1840 that the first allotments were sold. Two things have made the name of Gundagai a byword: the song "Along the Road to Gundagai," by John Moses and John O'Hagan, and the Pioneers' Memorial "The Dog on the Tucker Box." This picture by George Fenton, of Artarmon, N.S.W.



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# Author no one reads



ZORA RAE BURN, 72-year-old London novelist, is moved on by a policeman who objects to her playing her cello in a park. Zora plays the cello to win support for publishing her novels, her only ambition.

## London writer has struggled for 33 years to find a publisher

By DON KELLEHER,  
of our London staff

Among the many millions who make up the great City of London there's a woman of 72 who's been described as one of London's happiest, sincerest, and most courageous citizens. Her name is Zora Raeburn.

FOR 33 years Zora Raeburn has been writing novels. For 33 years she has sent them off to publishers. And for 33 years they have thumped back heavily on to her doormat.

With one exception she has not had a single acceptance. And the ex-

ception, by a cruel quirk of fate, turned out to be a dud.

As a reminder of her years of battle, letter-writing, starvation, and illness not yet over, she occasionally takes a look at a wall in the backyard of the Bloomsbury block of flats where she lives. The

flats are not far from the British Museum.

Zora has plastered the wall with hundreds of rejection slips and "We regret . . ." letters from publishers.

She has written hundreds of thousands of letters, licked untold stamps to stick on countless envelopes in the hope that the result would be an acceptance of one of her books. Nothing ever came her way.

She once despaired and nearly jumped off Waterloo Bridge into the murky River Thames when doctors told her she had a month to live. But Zora Raeburn's unquenchable fighting spirit returned and she struggled painfully back to health.

With her writing she has never despaired. Publishers all over Britain today know, respect, and admire the courage and persistence of this little woman who looks 20 years younger than she really is. All they don't do is publish her books.

Her unlined face, her strong voice, and her hand-grip that has the strength of a man behind it give no hint of her battle with life.

Her silk shantung dress, once expensive, is a reminder of her younger days as the

daughter of a comfortably-off family.

When she was 16 she started out as a pupil teacher in a kindergarten. She told the children little stories that she made up as she went along.

One day a school inspector entered the classroom unnoticed while she was telling a story. Quietly he listened and when she finished he told the children they were lucky to have a teacher who could tell them such wonderful stories.

"My only trouble was that I could never remember the beginning when I got to the end," she recalls, a rueful smile on her chubby face.

She learned to type and to take shorthand at 200 words a minute and went to work in offices. Today she is thankful she took the trouble to study those two subjects. Without them she would have died—of starvation.

In 1922 she wrote her first book and called it "A Barge At Barking." Later she re-named it "Disillusioned" and in November last year published it herself.

In the 'thirties she was struck down by a serious glandular ailment and began to put on weight at an alarming rate. Doctors told her she would live only another month.

"I was so unhappy that I walked down to the Thames Embankment and looked at Waterloo Bridge. I thought of jumping off it and ending it



ALL ZORA'S MANUSCRIPTS have been finalised on this ancient typewriter. Last year she worked as a shorthand-typist to earn enough money to pay to have one of her books published. It cost Zora £250 — all she owned.



# ZORA THE UNVANQUISHED



TRAILING HER PERSONAL PUBLICITY BANNER, Zora walks among the lively London pigeons. Zora carries her banner all over London hoping that at least some of the people who see it will be moved to buy the novel which cost her all the money she had to have published. Most people are as indifferent as the pigeons. But Zora keeps trying.

all. But, fortunately, I changed my mind."

She went instead into hospital, but still no cure was found. But neither did she die in the predicted month.

She just lay there in a hospital bed.

"I became so bored that at last I asked for pencil and paper and began to write again. That's how I write today—in bed and in long-hand."

Then she thought her luck had changed. A publisher accepted a novel. It was just at the start of the blitz and three days later the publisher's building was gutted by fire.

Zora's manuscript was saved. But a year later it dropped with that long familiar thump on to her door-mat again.

She continued to send out her novels. By that time she had written three. But as before they all bounced back again. Through the blitz and the flying-bomb attacks she wrote.

At the end of the war she came out of hospital, not cured, but provided she took certain tablets each day she would live.

Once more she started pounding that ancient type-

writer. But things became worse. Then she had an idea. She could play the piano and the cello reasonably well. So she hired a barrow to carry a piano around the streets, busking as she went, trying to draw attention to herself and her unsuccessful novels.

But she found the piano too heavy to push and turned to her cello.

She played outside the a tres, portrait galleries, in West End squares. And beside her was a pathetic notice which read:

"Dear People, Do not think I profess to be a musician, but despair makes me play to you to obtain your attention. I have been trying for 30 years to get a novel published and have come to the painful conclusion that without influence acceptance in these difficult times would be a miracle

## Pathetic

While I don't want your charity I appeal to you—is there anyone here who could help me to get one of my six novels published, human stories which if well produced would make amusing films or radio serials likely to appeal to a wide public. Yours sincerely, Zora Raeburn."

Nothing came of it. Last year, as a final desperate attempt, she entered the publishing game herself. She sank her only £A.250 to have 4000 copies of her book "Disillusioned" printed.

She nearly starved because there was no money coming in. Her tiny old-age pension went towards paying some of the extra costs in the printing.

At times she went almost without food for as long as six weeks. Then Zora, the indestructible, went out and earned a few pounds as a shorthand-typist in city offices. The money saved her from starvation.

To advertise her book she had a hand-painted placard made. She carries it with her wherever she goes, unrolling it as she walks. It reads

simply: "Disillusioned by Zora."

She carries on a one-woman publicity campaign with four-line poems plugging her book. She types them out herself and props them in phone booths all over the West End."

Because Zora Raeburn is not an accredited publisher, she explains with some bitterness that many booksellers and distributors will not handle her book. So in addition to writing to public librarians all over the country she hawks the books around London to libraries and bookshops.

Since last November she has sold 400 of the 4000 copies printed. It has so far brought her £A.60.

"The book owes me three-quarters of my savings," she told me sadly, "but I am not in the least worried about that. I am not worried about seeing my name in print, either. I don't want to make a profit. I just write because it gives me so much pleasure and I want to share that pleasure with others."

The theme of all her books, she says, is that from the drabness of life and everyday work success and happiness can come.

"But I write about this drabness in simple language and without all that horrible sordidness that is in so many 'modern' books," she declares heatedly, banging the table.

Nothing can break her spirit now.

Despite the loss on her first publishing venture she intends bringing out her second book, "Elusive Paradise," next month. This she plans to have distributed in Australia and America.

At 72 Zora Raeburn has more drive and courage than many women, or men, a third of her age.



WITH COPIES OF HER NOVEL, "Disillusioned," tucked under her arm, persistent Zora pays a visit to Marylebone Public Library in London. Most libraries and bookstores refuse to handle her book because she is not a publisher.



WRAPPED IN A RUG, with her cat at her feet, Zora works on another novel in bed in her small London flat. She has written all of her six books in bed. For 33 years she has tried to sell the books to every publisher in London and New York without success.



ON A WALL in her backyard Zora pastes all her rejection slips from publishers. The ones here represent on a small proportion of her rejections for the past ten years.



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# selby

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# IRISH ELEGANCE

## Sybil Connolly's new 'Goblet' contour hailed as coming line

Sybil Connolly, famous Irish designer, introduced two new lines that are sure to vie for elegance with France's "A," "H," and "Y" lines when she presented her first big Dublin collection since her tour of Australia for *The Australian Women's Weekly*.

THE Connolly lines are the "Beanstalk" and the "Goblet." The "Beanstalk," the daytime line, is as slender as a willow-wand with no waistline at all; the "Goblet," the evening line, has a well-defined natural waist.

"My 'Goblet' line is a straight steal from some famous old Waterford claret glasses," Sybil Connolly said at the opening of her show.

"It is inspired by a centuries-old craft.

"It is a slender stem of a bodice with a skirt that rounds out firmly at the hips, then curves down in the straight gentle fall of the Waterford goblet."

Sybil Connolly chose willow-slender Pat O'Reilly to show her new lines.

Pat, with her creamy skin, corn-colored hair, and blue Irish eyes, was a great success with Australian audiences. Her sophisticated elegance was ideal for the high fashion dresses.

"Blue Ice," the pure version of the "Goblet" line, for which this collection will be remembered, is a full-length ball gown in the grand manner made of thick slipper satin in limpid ice-white, just the color of old Waterford glass.

The skirt bells out from the tight waist, in a series of indistinguishable tucks, and curves down to the floor,



BEAVER flowerpot, above, that was worn with "Soft Talk" (see picture at foot of page), and, below, the peat-brown hood that with its sou'-wester look was the perfect complement of the bainin one-piece dress.



exactly like an upturned goblet. The skirt is as static and unmoving as glass itself, and is intricately quilted to the traditional cut-glass design, with chandelier-drops of Waterford glass sewn here and there in the design.

The strapless bodice has a very deep cuff, hung with tiny glass chandeliers that tinkle coolly.

With this is worn a matching satin chaplet coming to a point on the forehead, from which dangles a crystal-clear drop like an icicle.

There is a tantalising short evening dress in blue-grey slipper satin in the "Goblet" line, the skirt quilted in a famous Waterford pattern glistening with crystal drops that catch the light and add a dozen colors to themselves.

This cocktail-into-evening dress is also worn with a satin chaplet with its single Waterford drop over the forehead.

The "Beanstalk," which is, in effect, a narrow skirt and three-quarter-length jacket, has only the slightest waist indication.

It is cuffed round the hem. The line was enthusiastically received. It looks marvellous in the soft Irish tweeds.

Sybil Connolly says: "I believe in separates," and she shows them again.

"Siamese" is a deep-collared, deep-necked blouse of palest beige, worn with a huge copper-brown pleated Irish handkerchief linen skirt and wrapped at the waist with pale blue satin.

"Evening Casual" is a satin skirt in bands of wood-and-gold colors worn with a pleated black handkerchief linen top. This is bound at the waist with red satin.

Irish linen, handled by Sybil Connolly, has a social life of its own.

Finely pleated, trained to fall this way and that, it makes the most divine evening dresses. Deeply pleated on a stiff foundation in a short evening dress called "Black Ballerina," it has a stark chemise neckline caught with tiny rouleau bows on the shoulder.



Pleated in quite a different manner for daywear, it appears as small sleeves.

This season Sybil Connolly uses Irish crochet and baby ribbons on shoes as well as on cocktail dresses.

The shoes she shows have Irish crochet medallions on the toe and bands of crochet across the instep, threaded through with baby ribbon, and there is even one pair of shoes covered completely in crochet.

"BLUE ICE," the full-length evening-gown version of the new Sybil Connolly line—the "Goblet" line—inspired by a Waterford claret goblet. The dress, quilted in a cut-glass pattern, is sewn with tiny Waterford glass drops and worn with a matching satin head chaplet.



PAT O'REILLY, one of the mannequins who visited Australia with Sybil Connolly last year for *The Australian Women's Weekly*, wears "Little Mermaid," a short evening dress of organza on faille embossed with medallions of hand-made crochet. The skirt bells out from the tight waist.



"SOFT TALK," a surprise Empire-line dress which was included in the Connolly collection. Made in strawberry-pink fine Irish tweed, the dress has a matching jacket with a clever Irish cape collar.



"SAFFRON," a tweed "Beanstalk" coat worn over a black baratheu sheath. Notice the cuffed edge of the coat. Black velvet highlights the suit.



BAININ (pronounced bainneen), the undyed flannel that Sybil Connolly has made a high-fashion fabric, in a creamy, one-piece day dress. The dress has a narrow self-lash starting at the side, and big square pockets.



# AIR CRUISE TO PACIFIC PARADISE



Over the white coral atolls of the Exploring Isles in the Pacific a big Bermuda flying-boat cruised low and winged its way through misty rain to a perfect landing on the tranquil blue waters of a tropical bay.

**I**TS skipper was Australia's famous air ace Sir Gordon Taylor, who, as Captain P. G. Taylor, was a hero of many historic flights.

With him in the aircraft Frigate Bird III were his wife, his two teenage daughters Genie and Sue, with four other schoolgirls, Adalee and Micaele McCormick, Pamela Austin, and Geraldine Whiteley.

Lady Taylor and the girls, with eight other passengers, made up a party on the first cruise of what Sir Gordon plans as a regular holiday service to show Australians the Pacific.

"The three groups we visited—New Caledonia, Fiji, and the Exploring Isles—gave our passengers a true idea of the South Sea Islands," said Sir Gordon.

"We planned the flight in the school holidays as an educational cruise."

Sir Gordon said that everyone in the party was spellbound by the beauty of Vanua M'balavu, in the Exploring Isles, a British colony under the Governor of Fiji.

"It is one of the most untouched in the whole Pacific—almost like Tahiti before the Bounty. I had flown over it on the way to

South America, and had always intended to go there.

"Then one day in Sydney an old friend, Mrs. Garnett Malley, told me that she and her husband were living there—the only Europeans on the island.

"I was planning the first cruise at that stage, and the Malleys invited me there. So it was an ideal arrangement."

Wherever Sir Gordon's party landed on the holiday cruise the local people "turned it on" for them.

During three days in New Caledonia there were sightseeing trips, a fishing expedition by launch, visits to local schools and to the headquarters of the South Pacific Commission.

During three days at Suva they stayed at a beachside hotel at Deuba, where they had their first "luau," or native feast.

Adalee McCormick, who like the other girls is a boarder at Frensham, Mittagong, New South Wales, spoke for all of them when she wrote to the Taylors:

"Words will never express what we saw and the wonderful people we met. We all have 'island fever,' and I know I must go back again."



**ISLANDER.** A native of Vanua M'balavu lands his canoe on Dreamland Beach. The Exploring Isles are a British possession under control of the Governor of Fiji, and the handsome and friendly islanders are skilled fishermen. The Taylors' party enjoyed swimming, fishing, and delicious island foods as guests of Europeans on the island.



**ABOVE:** Island canoes make a picturesque contrast with Frigate Bird III, Sir Gordon Taylor's Bermuda flying-boat, at Turquoise Bay, Vanua M'balavu. The bay is described as a Pacific paradise.

**RIGHT:** Australian couple Group-Captain and Mrs. Garnett Malley with their head man, Sekaia, on their property in the Exploring Isles. The Malleys' house was built for its original owner in 1910.







*LOOKING OUT over the two port engines as Frigate Bird III circles the little uninhabited island of Malima Atoll, in the Lau group. Sir Gordon Taylor kept the flying-boat at medium speed and altitude to allow for sightseeing during the air cruise.*



*ABOVE: Lady Taylor keeps cool at Dreamland Beach during her visit to the Exploring Isles. Her hair is worn, island-style, in plaits with flowers at the end.*



*RIGHT: At Dreamland Beach, Vanua M'balavu, members of Sir Gordon Taylor's party sunbake on the sand. The island offers perfect swimming and fishing.*



# AUSTRALIA'S DR. DAFOE

Among the distinguished medical men from all over the Commonwealth who'll gather in Sydney for the Australasian Medical Congress beginning on August 20 there'll be one young country G.P. who recently earned the name of "Australia's Dr. Dafoe."

THE G.P. is Dr. Eric Schmidt, of Bundaberg, Queensland. He's the man who, with the assistance only of his anaesthetist, Dr. John Trewin, brought the Lucke quads into the world last month.

Dr. Schmidt's handling of the confinement is regarded as a medical masterpiece by the few who know all the details of the case.

That four babies, every one of them a breech birth and one (the second) with other complications, were all born within two-and-a-half hours was one of the more remark-

able angles of the case. Most multiple births take much longer.

How much of the speed of birth was due to nature and how much to Dr. Schmidt's skill is a question only doctors can answer, and doctors are notoriously reticent about medical details.

All the layman can know for certain is that the four babies were born in not much longer time than it takes for one normal baby.

No aftermaths of exhaustion for the mother or over-anaesthetisation sickness for the babies marred the Lucke case.

Outwardly there's nothing of the suave self-assurance of the fashionable specialist about Dr. Schmidt. Slightly under average height, with a quiet, almost hesitant voice and a retiring manner, he has obviously been made embarrassed and ill-at-ease by the publicity forced on him by his quads case.

Socially he's shy to the point of diffidence. His hobbies are as mild and modest as his manner. Though he is only 32, bowls, played on the few occasions when he has a free Saturday or Sunday afternoon, is his only outdoor relaxation in the ruggedly outdoor town of Bundaberg.

Music and painting, as a listener and looker, not as a performer, are two of his dearest loves. Chances to hear live performances of classical music are rare in Bundaberg, but Dr. Schmidt compensates by having a first-class record library.

His understanding and appreciation of painting, particularly Australian painting, is inherited from his father, Dr. Egmont Schmidt, who is reputed to have one of the finest private collections of Australian canvases in the Commonwealth.

Young Dr. Schmidt has another hobby which is a little more surprising in one of his outward diffidence. He is a keen, and expert, card player. Anyone who has ever played bridge with him soon gets an inkling of why his patients swear by him.

His bridge is both skilful and daring. He's the sort of player who calculates his risks, decides what he can gamble on and goes ahead without hesitation. Almost invariably he wins.

This characteristic is probably the one which enabled

By  
ISLA BROOK

him to handle the Lucke case single-handed. Early in the case, much earlier than has ever been recorded in the case of any other quadruple birth, he had X-rays taken. Both he and his patient knew months in advance what they were facing.

For months Mrs. Lucke was given every possible care. The hospital was forewarned, humidicribs were ordered. Every reasonable risk was foreseen. Then Dr. Schmidt did as his card-playing friends

know he always does—played his own hand.

Gossip, always plentiful and candid in a small town, refused to shake him from his belief in his ability to handle the case alone. Advice and offers of assistance in calling specialists left him equally unmoved.

For him the weeks before the birth of the quads must have been trying ones, knowing as he must have that if he made a single mistake his whole professional career would probably go whistling down the wind, blown away in a storm of I-told-you-so criticism.

Throughout those weeks there were two people whose faith in him never wavered.

One was his patient, the other his wife.

Not for one instant did Mrs. Lucke ever show signs of

**DR. ERIC SCHMIDT.** Like Canadian Dr. Dafoe, who delivered the Dionne quins, Dr. Schmidt was unaided by specialists when he delivered the Lucke quads last month.

doubting that Dr. Schmidt, and Dr. Schmidt alone, was the best man to handle her case. Every order he gave she obeyed implicitly, "because I believe in him," she said to a friend a week or so before the quads were born.

"He makes me feel confident," she added. "I just know I'll be all right if I do what he tells me."

Equally firm in her belief was Dr. Schmidt's wife, Betty, whom he first met ten years ago when he went to do a year's hospital residency at WallSEND Hospital, N.S.W.

Dr. Schmidt had just graduated in medicine from Sydney University. Mrs. Schmidt, then Nurse Heaton, of WallSEND, was doing her nursing training at the same hospital.

In 1948 they were married and came to live in Bundaberg, where the Schmidt family are both old established and highly regarded.

## Pioneer family

THE paternal great-grandmother of the quads' doctor was a Queensland pioneer. One of her sons became a Lutheran pastor in Bundaberg and one of his sons was Egmont Schmidt, Bundaberg's first native-born doctor.

In the same town, Eric, youngest of Dr. Schmidt's three children, was born.

There, with periods away at school in Brisbane and at university in Sydney, he has grown up. There his own two children, Annette and Peter, have been born, and there, apparently, he intends to stay.

Since the birth of the quads many suggestions have been made to Dr. Schmidt that he might leave his native town and begin practice in a big city.

Such suggestions appear to amaze him. Though others may praise and flatter him (his fan mail's been arriving in shoals since the quads were born), it's clear Dr. Schmidt regards himself still in exactly the same way as he did before he was thrust into the limelight.



MRS. ERIC SCHMIDT and her two children, Annette (6) and Peter (4). Before her marriage Mrs. Schmidt was a trained nurse, and still helps her husband in his surgery.

# From call-boy to crooner king

A tubby theatre call-boy with a Tony Curtis hair-do and the jowls of an Orson Welles has rocketed to the highest ledge in British show business—as the new King of the Crooners.

HIS name is Dickie Valentine, 25, stocky, modest, and adored by millions of teenagers.

He signs 600 pictures of himself a week, and now sells an average of a quarter of a million discs per song.

The final accolade came to Dickie Valentine a month ago when he topped the bill at the famous Palladium—the first British singer to do that in five years, and the second ever Donald Peers was the first.

It meant a rise of roughly £748/10/- a week since Dickie was last employed at the Palladium. That was 10 years ago. He was a call-boy getting 30/- a week, and he was fired for checking the head porter. This worthy had sent an urgent message for call-boy Dickie to come at the double. Dickie refused.

"Well, I've done it," he said, signing a £250 sterling-a-week contract to sing, and opening a dressing-room marked with a star. "This has been my ambition ever since I got the sack."

"What a difference 10 years can make."

How did he do it?

Well, young Dickie Valentine got another job as a call-boy. In the new theatre a Canadian singer, Bill O'Connor, heard him singing as he went on his rounds knocking on the players' doors.

It was an untrained, uninhibited voice, but O'Connor thought it was a VOICE. He tackled young Dickie and told him so. What's more, he packed him off to take lessons—at his expense.

For 18 months Valentine ploughed through the drudgery of scales and learned to control his breathing.

One of the results of the intensive training was his discovery by none other than the star-picker Ted Heath.

Valentine sang with the Heath Band for five years. Slowly his salary rose till it was £50 a week. But he gained experience a lot faster.

"I learnt what the public wants by slogging round the country with Ted's band on one-night stands," he says.

But the voice that sets the girls sighing over songs such as "The Finger of Suspicion" (250,000 discs so far sold) and "All the Time and Every-

where" gives Valentine himself the horrors.

To prove it, he gives away all his own records. And he collects those of other singers—particularly Sinatra's.

It's only a year ago that Valentine broke from the Ted Heath Band and his £50-a-week salary to make his gamble for bigtime fame.

And in that year he has been voted the Most Popular Male Singer for 1954.

He has travelled to New York for a seven-minute television appearance which netted him £500.

He was chosen to appear in the Royal Variety Performance.

And, finally, when he headed the star list at the Palladium, came his enthronement as a top idol.

He also got married. Four thousand fans stormed the entrance to Caxton Hall Register Office last October when he came out in a £50 mohair suit with a satin-pearl tie and with a gorgeously pretty ice-skater, nee Elizabeth Flynn, on his arm.

His managers were pretty worried about the wedding.



DICKIE VALENTINE, newest British crooning sensation, with his wife, Elizabeth, a 21-year-old ice-skater from Glasgow, whom he married last October at Caxton Hall, London.

They thought it might bother his huge feminine following. But so far marriage hasn't made a dent in their adoration of him.

Valentine is baffled by his personal popularity with girl fans.

"I'm supposed to look a bit like Orson Welles," he says humbly, "but that's not enough, is it?"

It can't be said that Dickie has any musical genius. He can't read or play a note. But his ear is quick enough to pick up a tune after one run through with his pianist.

His father, who was a lorry-driver, has now become his manager, and thinks he knows the reason for his son's fame.

"Dickie is just a hard-working boy," he says, "who made his way not by aping the Americans nor by the freak fame of one gramophone record but by carefully choosing his songs and singing them straight from the heart."

Valentine, with his curly dark hair and chunky, somewhat Latin appeal, is a true product of the heart-throbbing era when singers leap to fame almost literally overnight.

He's come a long way since the day he used to sing "just as it came out" in the school choir and was singled out by the choirmaster simply as "You with the foghorn voice."



# A Pie to Remember!

## Melt-in-your-mouth Lemon Meringue Pie made with Carnation Milk and Maxam Bakeo Pastry Mix

Maxam Bakeo Pastry Mix, ready mixed by experts makes the light-as-a-feather short crust shell. Better-blending double-rich Carnation Evaporated Milk is the secret of the delicious lemon pie filling. Make and serve this pie with confidence and watch the family's eyes sparkle!

Maxam Bakeo Pastry Mix and dependable Carnation Milk... the perfect timesaving failure-proof combination.



### THE PIE SHELL

Take 1 packet of Maxam Bakeo Pastry Mix. Mix to a stiff dough with 1 tablespoon Carnation Milk, 1 tablespoon water & 1 dessertspoon Castor Sugar. Roll out thinly on a floured board. Place in greased tray. Bake for 12 minutes at 425° (Prick base of pie shell before baking.)

### THE LEMON FILLING

- |                          |  |
|--------------------------|--|
| 1 cup sugar,             | 1 cup Carnation Evaporated Milk (undiluted), |
| 3 tablespoons Cornflour, | 2 eggs,                                      |
| 1/2 teaspoon salt,       | 1 tablespoon butter,                         |
| 1/2 cup hot water,       | 3 teaspoons grated lemon rind.               |

Combine sugar, cornflour and salt in saucepan. Add hot water gradually. Add Carnation Milk and cook over low heat stirring constantly until mixture thickens and boils. Boil 1 minute. Remove from heat, add beaten egg yolks. Boil 1 minute stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Continue stirring 'till smooth, then blend in butter, lemon juice and lemon rind. Pour into Maxam Bakeo Pastry Mix Shell. Top with Meringue made with the two egg whites.

### THE MERINGUE

Beat the two egg whites until frothy, gradually beat in two tablespoons of castor sugar, continue beating until meringue will hold in soft heaps. Pile meringue on pie filling, sealing meringue to edge of pie crust. Bake 10 minutes until delicately browned in moderate hot oven (400 degrees).



So Easy—So good—Double-Rich Carnation Milk is Creamy Smooth to the Last Drop



### CREAM SAUCE WITH NEVER A LUMP

When you use better-blending Carnation Milk you get the smoothest cream sauce ever made. Take 1 cup Carnation Milk, add 1/2 cup water, 1 level tablespoon flour, 1 level tablespoon butter, 1/2 teaspoon salt. Melt butter in saucepan over medium heat, bubble for 1 minute. Remove from heat. Add 1/4 milk and blend. Add rest of milk, return to heat. Stir constantly until sauce thickens. Boil 3 mins., stirring constantly.



### IMAGINE A MILK THAT WHIPS!

Double-rich Carnation Milk whips easily, quickly, beautifully. For 3 cups of topping, simply chill 1 cup of Carnation Milk in refrigerator tray until soft crystals form around the edges (15-20 mins.). Pour into a well-chilled bowl, whip with a chilled beater until topping begins to thicken (about 1 min.). Add 2 tablespoons lemon juice, whip very stiff (about 2 mins.). Fold in sugar if desired and serve at once.



### USE CARNATION MILK IN PLACE OF CREAM

Country-fresh Carnation Milk is concentrated to double-richness, the consistency of cream, yet costs a fraction of the price. Pour it straight from the can — for "creaming" coffee, breakfast cereals and fruits. Scrambled eggs and mashed potatoes become more appetizing and creamy-smooth when Carnation Milk is added. Carnation Milk blends perfectly in soups, gravies, scones and pies, and provides extra nourishment and flavour.

# Carnation MILK

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# Our Portrait Prizes awarded to Australian artists

The winners of The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize, 1955, are Jack Carington Smith, of Hobart, and Judy Cassab, of Sydney.

**JACK CARINGTON SMITH** has won the main award of £1500 for the best entry in the competition with his portrait entitled "Arrangement in Green."

Judy Cassab, with her "Portrait of Judy Barraclough," is the winner of the second award of £500 for the best entry by a woman artist.

After inspecting all the 500-odd portraits entered for the Prize, the judges narrowed their final selection down to a group of 15 paintings.

Including Carington Smith's painting these are: "Dorothy Pidgeon," by William Pidgeon.

"Mother and Child"

and "Portrait of Mrs. J. Landau," by Michael Kmit.

"Anne Hamer" and "Johnnie Russell," by William Dobell.

"Mrs. Robert Shaw and Son" and "Judy Barraclough," by Judy Cassab.

"Mother's Love Through Stitches," by Ming-Chiao Kuo, of Formosa.

"Van and Kate," by Elaine Haxton.

"Mrs. Michael Hone and Christie," by Ivor Hele.

"Marjory Penglase," by Newton Hedstrom.

"Janis with Rosebud," by Harold Greenhill.

"Margaret," by Marion Scott Alfsen, of Canada.

"Imogen Whyse—Actress," by Jean Bellette.

The judges had a difficult time deciding the winner of the £500 award for the best entry by a woman artist.

In their final vote Judy Cassab had a narrow win over the Canadian painter Marion Scott Alfsen.

After the final judging the six gallery directors selected the paintings for hanging in The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize Exhibition, which will be officially opened by the Prime Minister, Mr. R. G. Menzies, at the National Art Gallery in Sydney on August 19.

Owing to lack of space and transport difficulties,

only 50 of the entries were selected to be hung in the travelling exhibition.

At the end of the exhibition in Sydney, these paintings will be sent first to Brisbane, then Canberra, Melbourne, Hobart, Adelaide, and Perth.

The travelling exhibition is expected to last for nearly a year.

In addition, a separate exhibition of a further 142 entries will be held in Sydney at the National Art Gallery.

This exhibition, also arranged by the judges, will consist of a representative selection of entries from both professional and amateur painters.

£500 prizewinner



ABOVE: Judy Cassab and (left) her winning portrait of Judy Barraclough.

**HUNGARIAN - BORN** Judy Cassab came to Australia with her husband, John Kampner, and two sons four years ago.

A young, attractive brunette, she studied in Budapest, Prague, and Paris.

Judy Cassab had her first one-woman show in Australia in 1953, and has had paintings in many major exhibitions.

Recently she won the Perth Gallery Open Oils Prize for 1955.



## £1500 prizewinner



ABOVE: Jack Carington Smith and (right) his winning portrait entitled "Arrangement in Green."

**JACK CARINGTON SMITH**, 47 years old, is head of the art department of the Hobart Technical College.

Born in Launceston, Tasmania, he is married with three children—a son and two daughters.

He studied art at the East Sydney Technical College, and in 1936 won the N.S.W. Travelling Art Scholarship, which enabled him to study overseas. He spent two years at the Royal Academy schools in London and Paris.

In 1941 he was appointed head of the art department of the Hobart Technical College.

He is a member of the Society of Artists, the Contemporary Group, Sydney, and the Tasmanian Group of Painters.

A shy, retiring man, Carington Smith this year won the Melrose Prize in Adelaide with a portrait of Professor A. C. MacAulay.

In 1949 he was awarded the Sulman (mural) Prize in Sydney.

He has paintings in the National Galleries of New South Wales, Victoria, and Tasmania.



### THE JUDGES OF THE COMPETITION (from left):

- Mr. Daryl Lindsay, Director, National Gallery of Victoria.
- Dr. W. Bryden, The Tasmanian Museum and Art Gallery.
- Mr. Hal Missingham, Director, National Art Gallery of New South Wales.
- Mr. Robert Campbell, Director, National Gallery of South Australia.
- Mr. Robert Haines, Director, Queensland National Art Gallery.
- Mr. Laurence Thomas, Art Gallery of Western Australia.



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Making the sun-room a "scene"  
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 24, 1955





## THE CRUEL SEA

**T**HESE pictures, taken by Mr. E. Horne, of Coogee, N.S.W., record the last moments of the £10,000 trawler Goolgwai on the rocks at Malabar, N.S.W., recently.

Goolgwai ran aground early one Sunday morning in heavy fog and rough seas.

The crew of 11 scrambled ashore unhurt, but £1500 worth of fish in the hold was lost.

A week later a gale-force southerly whipped up giant

waves which crashed over the hulk.

For two hours the waves pounded the wreck. Suddenly it slid off the rocks into deep water and sank.

All that remained was a hunk of twisted steel, an eight-ton boiler, and part of the cabin.

And then, as Mr. Horne's last picture shows, the wind eased as quickly as it had risen and the wreckage floated on a sea that was calm and untroubled.





# DEATH OF "GOLDEN MADGE"



MADGE AND CYRIL, Australia's best-loved theatrical husband-and-wife team. This charming photograph in the dressing-room of the Palace Theatre, Sydney, was taken for *The Australian Women's Weekly* after the triumphant first night of Noel Coward's domestic comedy "Private Lives," in which Madge and Cyril starred during their last trip home in 1951.



A RADIANT MADGE and a smiling Cyril on their arrival at Mascot Airport, Sydney, from London in 1946, their first post-war visit. Madge had been a success in London revue.



MOTHER AND DAUGHTER. Madge photographed with her mother, the late Mrs. P. Elliott, of Randwick, N.S.W., then 97, during Madge and Cyril's last visit to Australia.

## Tragic end of a partnership in love and theatre

When death claimed golden Madge Elliott in her 55th year, the 20-year association of Australia's most dearly loved theatrical husband-and-wife team was tragically broken.

MADGE ELLIOTT, the suburban doctor's daughter who went on the stage, and Cyril Ritchard, the ex-chorus boy whose family had planned a medical career for him, were already dancing together when the troops came home from World War I.

The 'twenties established them as the musical comedy team that is to remain forever to a generation of theatregoers as "Madge and Cyril."

No one ever said "Madge Elliott and Cyril Ritchard," and no one who saw them and fell under their spell ever will.

They had a special kind of magic, this handsome, gifted pair, and thousands of fans turned out to see them married at St. Mary's Basilica, Sydney, in 1935.

... a windy day, packed pavements, and the lovely, golden bride's immensely long train floating over the Basilica's fine southern steps...

These same fans, and thousands more all over the country, grieved with Madge four

years later when her baby, a son, survived birth for only a few hours.

Memories come crowding thick and fast.

Madge, fresh from a long line of London successes, polished and sophisticated, back to create the Australian "Roberta," and singing "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," "Blue Roses," and Madge at her most lovely in floating chiffons, drifting across the stage in Cyril's arms.

"Family Album," one of the Noel Coward "Tonight at 8.30" group of plays, and Madge looking glorious in the black dress, acting with a new authority.

In their last years Cyril's vastly changed stature as serious actor and intellectual producer caused people to speculate, "What of Madge?"

Madge's answer was to remain herself—sunny, laughing, feminine, and dependent—and Cyril loved her for it.

He had fallen in love with her for those qualities, and he loved her till the end.

Now the great love story of the Australian theatre is finished, but, for those who remember, its glow will warm the heart forever.



MADGE AND HER ATTENDANTS on the staircase of Elizabeth Bay House, Sydney, where the reception was held after her marriage at St. Mary's Basilica in 1935.



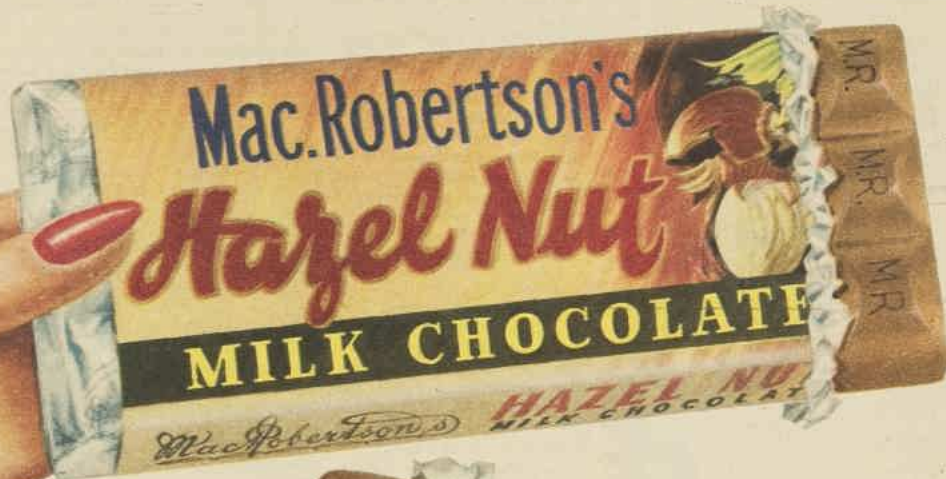
ON ANOTHER VISIT, in 1948, Madge and Cyril meet the Press. On stage or off they were a love team who went and worked everywhere together in radiant happiness.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 24, 1955



# Take your choice...

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## ◀ HAZEL NUT MILK

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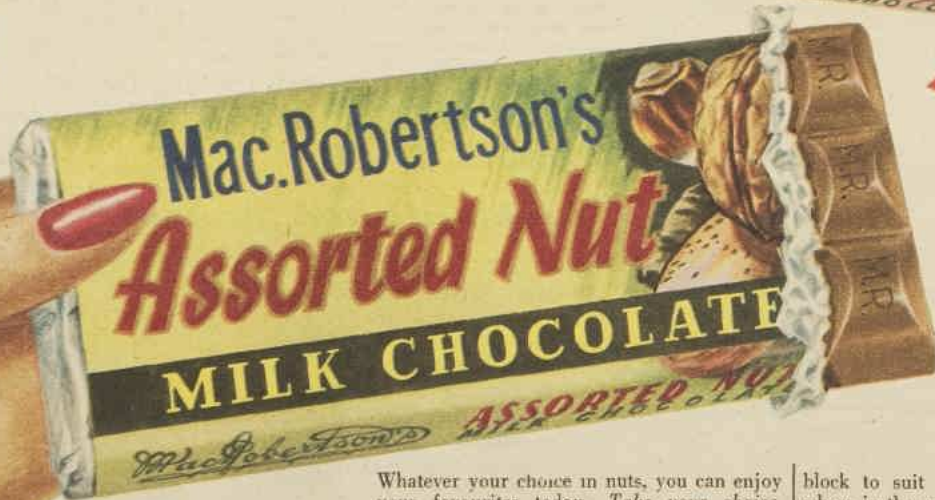
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block to suit every taste. Available everywhere in the new-shape, full 1/4-pound blocks, and the handy smaller size.

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## Smell it!

The carbolic smell is a thing of the past! In its place is an appealing new fragrance the whole family loves. And with that lovely perfume goes a protection only Lifebuoy can give!

## Enjoy it!

In winter there's nothing so refreshing as a hot shower with Lifebuoy. That rich, fragrant lather cleanses and deodorises... your whole body will glow because it is so clean.

## Be Popular!

Hot clothes and stuffy rooms mean Winter "B.O."—but Lifebuoy washes your perspiration worries away. For Lifebuoy has a brand-new deodorising ingredient called Puralin. You can't see, feel or smell Puralin, but it stays with your skin... gives you real "B.O." protection hours longer.



Contains **PURALIN**,  
new purifying ingredient  
to stop "B.O." hours longer



Buy the  
BIG BATH SIZE

W.333.WW142

## FOR TEENAGERS

# Here's your answer

By KAY MELAUN

Many letters are still arriving asking for a personal reply. Although I appreciate the many problems involved, I am sorry that it is not possible to send personal replies.

HERE is this week's first letter:

"I have known a very nice boy for three years. I was content to be just friends with him, but he says his feelings for me go much deeper. He left our district recently and asked me to write to him. He's been such a wonderful companion and is such a nice boy I just couldn't say no. I answered his first letter, but have received another and I would rather not continue writing to him. I'm not very good at expressing my feelings on paper, so could you please suggest the type of letter I should write? He is 19 and I am 18." W., South Coast, N.S.W.

Thank him for his letter, then give an ultimatum.

Tell him he has evidently misunderstood you. Repeat that you like and admire him, that you've much appreciated his companionship, but you're not prepared to accept any love-letters from him.

Say that much as you like him you won't continue to write unless he gives away the idea of anything more than friendship.

If he replies to this on your terms of friendship only, wait some time before answering. Every day that goes by is on your side, because it's another day for him to find and make new friends in the new district.

A friendship between a boy and a girl must be a very firm one to survive correspondence, especially when the friendship is sentimental on one side only. Pretty soon he'll get over this feeling for you, and you won't need to worry unduly about him any more.

"I USED to go with a girl, but by mutual consent we stopped going together. Now, after going with many other girls while she went with other boys, I have realised that I like her a terrible lot. We both pretend we are happy and don't like each other, but I have found out she feels as I do. She has just broken off

with her present friend and is free, but we both have too much pride to give in. I haven't told her I feel deeply towards her and she thinks I don't like her any more. What will I do? This has lasted for five months and I've never felt like this in my whole life."

"M for Mc," N.S.W.

Tell her how you feel. Otherwise, how is she to know?

If you find you were wrong in thinking she still likes you, at least you will have tried. Whereas if you don't tell her you'll regret it for a long time and you'll always have the feeling that you threw away your chances.

More romances than enough have been ruined by people being "too proud." Don't let it happen to you.

VERY UNHAPPY, Qld.: Sorry there wasn't room to print your letter. I think you will need a lawyer's advice. But first, explain the whole situa-



## DEBBIE'S RECIPE

THIS week Debbie, our teenage chef, gives the recipe of her favorite winter dessert, steamed date pudding.

Three oz. butter or substitute, 3oz. sugar, 1 egg, ½ cup stoned and chopped dates, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 6oz. flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ½ cup milk, pinch salt.

1. Cream butter or substitute with sugar.
2. Add egg, beat well.
3. Fold in dates and grated lemon rind.
4. Fold in sifted flour, baking powder, and salt alternately with milk.
5. Place in greased pudding basin or mould.
6. Have ready a large saucepan of boiling water. Place basin in saucepan with water coming half-way up sides of basin.
7. Cover basin with piece of greaseproof paper, greased on both sides.
8. Place a tight-fitting lid on the saucepan.
9. Cook for 1½ hours, with water boiling gently.
10. Remove paper, turn pudding out of basin on to a heated dish. Serve immediately with thin custard or lemon sauce.

tion to your father. If he is not an undersanding man, go to your priest or clergyman. You need an older person near you who is experienced in human problems.

## DISC DIGEST

RENE PAUL'S earlier LP proved so well liked that another selection of eight French love songs appears under the title of "Souvenir de Paris" on 330S.7531.

You may have seen Rene in the stage show "Call Me Madam." If you like smooth vocalising in both French and English, this will fill the bill more than adequately.

It's good to be able to hear once again "Mimi," that perky Rodgers-Hart song which originated in a Chevalier film, and Rene's versions of "La Seine" and "J'attendrai." Luscious accompaniment is supplied by Bob Gibson and His Velvet Strings.

THE remarkable inventiveness of pianist Errol Garner is showcased in a terrific 12-inch long player numbered B07015.L. This is the sort of disc which would have been out of the question in the days of "short playing" records, because, although there are only six tunes, Garner has plenty of time to weave his fantastic harmonies into his leisurely improvisations.

Even if you're not particularly fond of the modern school of piano, I think this record will convert you after several hearings. The six numbers are "Caravan," "No Greater Love," "Avalon," "Lullaby of Birdland," "Memories Of You," and "Will You Still Be Mine?" First-class accompaniment is provided by Wyatt Ruther (bass) and "Fats" Heard (drums).

## Accomplished dancer

CREDIT is due to Gloria Fryer (pictured), an Australian who represented Scotland at the All Nations' Cavalcade of National Dancing at the Royal Albert Hall, London, last year.

Gloria was only 11 when she won this honor. She was visiting Britain with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Fryer, of Mount Lawley, W.A., and her elder brother Raymond.

An accomplished Highland dancer, with 50 medals and a Western Australian championship, Gloria came second in the British Open Amateur Championship.



She is now back at school in Perth.

Her plans: To study singing when she is older.



# SOCIAL JOTTINGS



**TREADING THE LIGHT FANTASTIC** at the "Night of Law and Disorder" at *Pruniers After Nine* are an "opium smuggler" (Mrs. Neville Manning, who covered her head with a stocking) and a "croupier" (Mr. Pat Levy). Proceeds will go towards the Black and White Ball, to be held on October 4 in aid of the Royal Blind Society.



**TO LIVE IN SYDNEY.** Dr. Malcolm Copleston and his bride, formerly Patricia Ward, of Leeds, England, photographed after their wedding in England. Malcolm is the son of Dr. and Mrs. Victor Copleston, of Point Piper.



**UNDER AN ARCHWAY** of polo sticks, polo player Sinclair Hill and his bride, formerly Valeria Babucci, of Buenos Aires, leave the Bepton Parish Church, Sussex, England. Sinclair is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Hill, of "Terlings," Moree.

**AFTER** an absence of two years, Mrs. Michael Kersey will visit her home town again next month.

Mrs. Kersey and her almost three-year-old daughter, Susan Elizabeth, will arrive in the Strathnaver from London on September 27. They'll stay with Mrs. Kersey's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Walder, of Point Piper.

After about seven months here, Mrs. Kersey will join her husband, Lieut.-Commander Kersey, at his new posting in Malta. For the past few years they have been living at Lochinvar, Scotland.

**WILLIAM DAVID PRELL** and Jason Charles Davey are two very young men—they were born late last month—who'll be in demand as deb. escorts in about eighteen years' time. Mr. and Mrs. Tony Prell, of Crookwell, are proud parents of William David, and Jason Charles is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Derrick Davey, of Bellevue Hill.

**FROM** Hawkes Bay, New Zealand, Marianne Stead is holidaying with Mr. and Mrs. L. Mac Smith, of "Boree Cabonne," Boremore. Marianne, who is engaged to Mr. and Mrs. Mac Smith's youngest son, Lance, will be here for about six weeks. She and Lance are planning to be married next February in New Zealand.

**ENTHUSIASTIC** gardeners will have an opportunity to see one of the finest collections of azaleas in Australia during the weekends September 24-25 and October 1-2. On those dates Mrs. E. T. Thring, of 24 Cleveland St., Wahroonga, will open her garden in aid of Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

**ATTRACTIVE** Ann Livingston, who celebrated her coming-of-age recently, will have four bridal attendants when she marries John Lewis at St. Mark's, Darling Point, on October 6. There'll be two small flowergirls—Deborah Hall and Sally McCowan—with Judy Crossin and Gillian Galbraith... who by then will be Mrs. Bill Maxwell. Gillian and Bill will marry on September 15 at All Saints', Woollahra.

**ADMIRING** glances follow Mrs. Richard Dowling when she combats the weather on frosty winter evenings with a warmly elegant velvet ensemble. Mrs. Dowling covers her long-line, lemon evening dress with a loose, floor-length, vividly tangerine coat.

**A REUNION** with her family in England is in store for pretty Auriol Ferguson, of Vaucluse, who leaves Sydney on September 21 in Orion. Auriol announced her engagement a few months ago to Leslie Alderson-Smith, of North Sydney, and she's planning to do a lot of trousseau-shopping while she's away, for the wedding will take place soon after her return in March. Auriol will be able to take first-hand news of a new grandchild to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Ferguson, of Chester, in Cheshire. The baby, who was born in March, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Alastair Ferguson, of Vaucluse, and will be called Keith Miles.

**A DATE** for your diary... September 1, for the "Spring Spree" dance at Princes organised by the younger set of the New South Wales Society for Crippled Children.



**TO MARRY.** Hazel Denholm-Young, of Edgecliff, and her fiancé, Jeffrey Blackwell, A.D.C. to the Governor-General, Sir William Slim. They will marry at St. John's, Canberra, on August 31.



**WED IN ENGLAND.** The Hon. Robin Neville and his bride, formerly Robin Brockhoff, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Brockhoff, of Rose Bay, leave the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, in Essex, after their wedding.



**KENT**, in England, will be "home" for the next two years for recently married Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Lucas. Mrs. Lucas was formerly Pamela Cullen-Ward, daughter of Mrs. Cullen-Ward, of Killara, and the late Mr. H. W. Cullen-Ward. The couple will leave Sydney in the Oronsay on August 27.

**AT WEDDING.** Lord Braybrooke (left) and Lady Braybrooke (second from right), who are parents of the Hon. Robin Neville, with Mr. and Mrs. Tom Brockhoff, parents of the bride, at the Neville-Brockhoff wedding.

**COCKTAIL** party on August 27 will celebrate the coming-of-age of pretty Jann Munro. Jann's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Munro, are giving the party at their Bee-croft home, and the sixty guests will include lots of their daughter's friends from the Royal North Shore Hospital, where she is in her third year as a trainee nurse.

**THERE'LL** be a reunion late this month for Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Barker, of Yass, and their eldest daughter, Dorothy, who has been in the United States and Canada for about five years. Dorothy was assistant-matron at the George Road Hospital in Victoria, British Columbia, Canada, for some time, and stayed there till shortly before she sailed for home in the Oronsay. Dorothy's cousin, Nola Graham, of Chatswood, is on her way back from England in the same ship.

**FORTNIGHT'S** holiday at their country home begins for Mrs. Tom Bateman and her children when they leave for "Pomeroy," Oberon, this weekend. It's school holidays for the young Batemans... Edmund, Rosalind, Beatrice Anne, Thomas, Gregory, and Mary-Jane.

**A CAR** piled high with luggage will be setting out from Sydney early in September, when newlyweds Rae and Ian Johnston leave for their future home, "Carmel," Narromine. The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Thornell, of Warrawee, Rae and Ian were married at St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street, last week.

**"OUR** daughter Pat and her husband hope to visit Australia early next year," Mrs. E. M. Tierney told me. Pat married Leslie McKenna, of Glasgow, in England early this month, and they're now on a honeymoon tour of England and Scotland.

Anne





## Right on the beat

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SUMMER 'BREEZE—cool, crisp and attractive cottons for all ages.

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CESARINE—the wonder plain cloth of a thousand uses and a household word for quality.

Quantities of cheap cloths from low-wage countries are to be found all over Australia. But is it worth risking a material which may not be dependable, to save a couple of shillings on a dress length?

Better be quite sure when choosing your cloth. Ask to see the selvedge brand which says it's—"A Caesar Fabric."

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won't break  
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you make!

Replace buttons  
with  
**Gripper**  
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BUY GARMENTS WITH  
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"Grippers" are the same laundry-proof fabric flat fasteners you see on all ready made garments. Use "Grippers" on all the clothes you make and replace breakable buttons with wonderful hard-holding "Grippers."



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STOCKS ARE AVAILABLE FROM LEADING  
SOFTGOODS WAREHOUSES IN ALL STATES

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 24, 1955

## DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep



D.S.153—One-piece torso dress in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/9. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Hallmark of spring is the dark cotton one-piece designed with an elongated torso and soft skirt fullness.

THE fashion flash above answers the reader's query below. Here is her letter and my reply:

"COULD you draft me a paper pattern for a spring frock, size 34in. bust? I have some charcoal-grey cotton from last year that I would like to use. It is nearly black, so I wondered if you considered it suitable for summer wear. I am not outstandingly smart, but always endeavor to follow fashions."

Dark cottons are a strong American spring trend, so your charcoal material will be right in fashion. The design I have chosen for you is illustrated above. Its graceful long torso and softly gathered skirt are current fashion news. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. See lines under sketch for further details and how to order.

"AS I am growing my hair, which has just reached an awkward shoulder-length, I am worried about what style of hat to wear when I am to be a bridesmaid in the spring. My frock is a floral silk. I

will be grateful for your expert advice."

A flowered chignon hat, worn at the new slant on the back of the head, over a chignon of hair would be a charming arrangement for a bridesmaid's head-dress, and at the same time would solve your hair-growing problem. A cluster of roses, a large single rose, or poppies could be placed on a net backing. Use two small combs for safe securing.

"WHAT shoes would you recommend to wear with a pastel pink after-five frock? The frock is made in organza and has a full skirt."

To wear with your pastel pink organza dress I suggest an open, airy sandal made in pink kid, as near as possible to the pink of the dress. A number of the newest sandals, designed to be worn after five, are made of narrow interwoven straps. In New York these are called filigree shoes.

"I AM rather big-hipped and always have a problem over summer clothes. I nearly always end up with frock and jacket. Is there anything newer this season?"

Yes, there is. Newer than a jacket and dress is the coat and dress plan. The dress and coat can be of the same material and color, or they can be in contrasting color and material. Have the coat made with unfitted lines—it could fall straight from a shoulder yoke—and have inset sleeves. The dress under the coat should be simple and softly tailored, and if you decide to have a collar on the coat the dress will be better without one.

"WOULD you please advise me about a design for some white drill I intend making into shorts and shirt? The problem is to introduce a bit of color, as white does not really suit me because I am too sallow."

I suggest a white sleeveless shirt "top" finished with a pink-and-blue candy-striped cotton collar. Use the same striped cotton for a separate cummerbund. Have the shorts to above knee-length or ultra short. The shorts and shirt worn with the cummerbund will give a complete and planned ensemble look, which is one of the newest looks for spring and summer.

## Beauty in Brief: Hair takes a smooth line

By CAROLYN EARLE

● From America the news in spring hair-styles is—short hair will take a longer, smoother line.

LONGER-LINE hair-do's do not mean that the hair itself is actually any longer except, perhaps, in the case of ultra-short cuts. The highlight of the new trend is the smooth sweep of hair which flows in an unbroken line from forehead to neckline where a suggestion of curl imparts a soft finish.

Although at first this might seem to suggest that the prevailing European influence in hair styling is on the way

out, that is not the case. Due to their adaptability to almost any features, Italian and Parisian designs are still tops in popularity with young and mature women everywhere.

It is simply that back-of-the-head smoothness is replacing calculated disorder and wisps.

For all but the glamor girl the return of hair-do's with a well-groomed air should be a welcome change.

## NEW FINER LUX

so safe for baby's things  
... for yours, too



Here's expert advice from  
F. W. Hughes Pty. Ltd. manufacturers of the  
famous 'TWINPRUFE' hand knitting wools

"Wool will stay soft and warm, and keep its colour if the garment is always washed in lukewarm Lux suds. Avoid using strong soaps and chemical preparations because they can shrink and matt woollen fibres."



**TAILPIECE:** Baby's nappies are soft and comfy when washed in gentle, creamy Lux. No fear of troublesome chapping or nappy rash. Lux means a nappy-happy babe. Your hands, too, stay smooth and pretty no matter how often they're in Lux.



So safe... you'll want to use it always!

## HEADACHE, COLDS, FLU,

GET FAST RELIEF WITH

**BAYER'S ASPIRIN** TABLETS

6209

Page 29



"With a family of Nine,  
every penny  
Counts!"



SAYS MRS. A. FRASER,  
OF SOUTH LAUNCESTON,  
TASMANIA.

WITH A BIG  
WASH TWICE A WEEK,  
IT'S RINSO FOR MY  
MONEY! THERE'S  
NOTHING LIKE THOSE  
THICK, RICH SUDS  
FOR GETTING MY  
CLOTHES A REALLY  
GOOD COLOUR

"Good Tasmanians all!"  
is how Mr. and Mrs.  
Fraser describe their healthy family of nine. The youngest is three, the eldest 23 and in between there are schoolgirl daughters and two young workers. Think of the washing for Mrs. Fraser! She copes with it all without a care.

## RINSO's THICKER, RICHER SUDS GIVE A BRIGHTER WASH WITHOUT HARD WORK

MY TURN  
TO WASH! WITH  
RINSO WE'LL HAVE  
THE THICK GREASE  
OFF THESE DINNER  
PLATES IN A JIFFY  
AND EVERYTHING  
SPARKLING



EVERY Wednesday and Saturday is washday in the Fraser household. And what a wash—at least 14 dresses, overalls, bootmaker's aprons, on top of a big pile of sheets and towels! Says Mrs. Fraser, "It's easier than it sounds, thanks to Rinso. With those thicker, richer suds the whole wash gets done in no time."

Big wash or small, 7 out of every 10 Australian housewives prove every week that Rinso gets the best results—dazzling whites and coloureds brighter than brand-new. At little cost, too, because Rinso is so economical. And when Rinso does the work your hands stay soft and smooth.

Rinso is the only product  
recommended by the makers of  
all leading washing machines.



"I don't care what other businessmen do, we don't have the time to fritter away on coffee breaks."



"Oh, that reminds me—there was a card from the library saying that you have a book three days overdue."

## Worth Reporting

**A USTRALIAN** comedienne Kitty Bluett, who has been playing "perfect wife" roles on British radio for years, will not become a real-life perfect wife when she marries trapeze artist Julian Jover in December.

Kitty admits she can't cook. "We'll probably put the kettle on and go out to eat," she says.

However, Kitty is very fond of house-cleaning, which, she says, is her favorite relaxation.

For four years Kitty was "radio wife" to comedian Ted Ray in the B.B.C. programme "Ray's a Laugh." She is now doing a solo act on Britain's variety circuits.

Her fiancé is also in variety, doing a comedy trapeze act with his brother. His sister Fe will probably attend Kitty at her wedding.

Kitty has already chosen a full-skirted, tiny-waisted coffee lace dress for her wedding. The couple will spend their honeymoon in Paris.

She first met handsome, 29-year-old Julian Jover three years ago. He did not propose until she went to visit him in the Isle of Man, where he was appearing at a variety theatre.

Julian carried her luggage up to her hotel room.

Kitty said, "Why don't you leave the suitcases for the porter?" He replied, "Because you're going to marry ME, not the porter."

**PLASTIC** food packages are now being made in different colors for various types of food. Designers say the main idea is to brighten up the kitchen, but they also claim that certain colors help to preserve the food. For instance, a blue pack for bread masks some of the ultra-violet rays and helps prevent the growth of mould.

### Grand-uncle—seven times in a day

JULY 12, 1955, was a big, important day for retired farmer 65-year-old Mr. William Lucke, of Kolan River, Queensland.

On that day Mr. Lucke became a grand-uncle—seven times in 24 hours.

Mr. Lucke is the uncle of Arthur Lucke, father of the Bundaberg quads, born at the Lady Chelmsford Hospital on July 12. On the same day, at the same hospital, Mrs. J. Onoprienka, one of Mr. Lucke's nieces, gave birth to twins.

Another niece, Mrs. Irwin Johnson, made him a grand-uncle for the seventh time, in Rockhampton.

**ONE** of our favorite conversations, overheard in a health food shop:

"Maisie's looking well lately."

"Yes, dear, she's doing those yoghurt exercises."

### Dead-end kids in Belfast

**TEDDY BOYS**, Britain's Edwardian-dressed "dead end kids," were the subject of an address given by Lady Wakehurst, wife of the Governor of Northern Ireland, to a Presbyterian Women's Union in Belfast.

Lady Wakehurst referred to recent clashes between Teddy Boy gangs and police in Belfast parks and dance halls, and suggested that the main trouble with Teddy Boys was that they were not given enough parental love.

She considered they were a symbol of the delinquency caused by broken homes and lack of cultural interests.

**A SHOP** in Darlinghurst, Sydney, has three baskets of eggs on the counter. One bears a label reading: "New laid eggs, 6/3 doz." Another announces: "Fresh eggs, 6/ doz." The third: "Eggs, 5/9."

### Camera does not lie

**A SHARP-EYED** reader from Cobbadah, N.S.W., wrote to us the other day:

Why did the pictures we published in July of the Maureen (Little Mo) Conolly-Norman Brinker wedding show the bridegroom wearing a white bow-tie at the wedding ceremony and a black bow-tie at the reception?

We rang up the United States Consulate. An obliging girl with an American accent answered the phone, giggled when she heard our query, and said she would ask someone.

Five minutes later, after asking everyone in the Consulate office from messenger boys to one of the Consul, she came back with:

"We can't say definitely," she said. "Maybe Norman got some of Little Mo's lipstick on his white tie."

**DIEGO VELASQUEZ'** portrait of Queen Isabella of Spain, painted in 1632, and now being exhibited at the Art Institute of Chicago, is a rare painting in more ways than one.

First, it is one of only a few portraits painted of the 17th-century Queen. Her husband, King Philip, was one of history's most famous art collectors, but, artistically, he neglected his wife.

Second, the painting has been wired for sound. Admirers of the portrait can push a button, and a voice spends two minutes telling them all about the painting, the Queen, and the artist.

### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By **RUD**



You don't risk a penny\* when you give him

# The "Daddy" of all Gifts



## PHILISHAVE



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MODELS



*\*Guarantees cool, smooth, fast shaving or your money back!*

Philips are so confident that **any** man using Philishave will enjoy quicker, closer, smoother shaves that they make this offer: If **your** man doesn't like Philishave after a reasonable trial, return the shaver to the Philips Retailer from whom you bought it and your money will be refunded in full.

Give him a Philishave and you give him years and years of easier, smoother shaving. Philishave's two rotary-action cutting heads whisk away stubble "on the double"...they save minutes of shaving-time every day, and make him smoother and nicer-than-ever when you're cheek to cheek. What's more, he won't have to "fiddle" with a Philishave... it's lubricated for life, has self-sharpening blades and an inbuilt "blow-to-clear" hair-trap. Philishave is sold by electrical retailers, department stores, hairdressers, chemists... almost everywhere.



## PHILISHAVE

*The world's largest selling electric shaver.*

*In any case it's the ideal gift*



You'll have four delightful presentation cases to choose from when you give him a PHILISHAVE. At £9.17.6 there are two de-luxe leather cases and a gleaming plastic case for the A.C.-powered Philishave. Then, there's a luxury, tartan-lined leather case especially designed for the battery-operated Philishave "Sportsman" for £15.15.0 complete.





**OUT** with back-breaking drudgery  
... and steamy-hot laundries!



**IN**

WITH THE FAMOUS  
**HOOVER**  
**WASHER**

The greatest  
household blessing of all!

Why be a slave to dreary washdays when a few shillings a week can bring you a Hoover and set you free! No other purchase at anything like the price could add so much to your life. With over 50 makes of washers on the market it's easy to pay more and get far less. So remember these facts: Hoover gives you Australia's *fastest* wash-day, Australia's *whitest* wash and Australia's No. 1 washer *value*. That's why more women own a Hoover than any other make. Talk it over with your Husband! He knows Hoover means sound engineering — it's a name he trusts.

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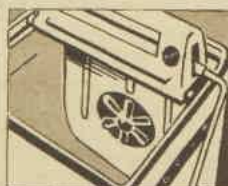
Why more women own a Hoover than any other washer



It does big washes faster. You can fit a full week's wash for the family into an hour or so. When you've finished, the Hoover rolls out of the way — into a corner.



It washes cleaner than you can by hand. An exclusive Pulsator set in the side of the tub gently loosens the dirt with an action exactly like boiling. No pre-soaking or rubbing is needed.



There's nothing to stretch or tear the clothes. In the Hoover it is the Pulsator that does the work: it never comes into contact with the clothes but sends the soapy water surging through them.



It is easily filled and empties itself. Filled direct from the water tap by a length of rubber tubing. Empties in two minutes by means of an automatic pump built into the machine.



The washer that  
husbands prefer to buy ...  
because they know and trust  
the name of

**HOOVER**



# Now they are five



CELEBRATING their fifth birthday, the Sara Quads enjoy a tea-party in their backyard. From left are Judy, Alison, Mark, Phillip, and Mrs. Percy Sara, the Quads' mother. The Quads had a cake each, but two were saved for later.

## Sara Quads celebrate birthday with a boisterous party in garden

The Sara Quads, of Bellingen, N.S.W. — Alison, Phillip, Judith, and Mark — turned five on August 17, 18, and 19.

THE Quads are now schoolchildren, so their birthday party had to be held at a weekend.

The celebration this year was a simple, if noisy, one in the Saras' backyard.

First of all came a tea-party under the trees, featuring beautifully iced birthday cakes made by Mrs. Ron Huegill, a friend of the family.

There were four cakes—two pink-and-white ones made in the shape of crinolined ladies

for the girls, and blue-and-yellow ones made like clocks, the hand pointing to five o'clock, for the boys.

Little Judy acted as mother and carefully poured milk from the jug into each of the four cups, anxious not to spill a drop.

They sang "Happy Birthday" four times, once for Phillip, once for Mark, once for Alison, and once for Judy.

The only guest was Sooty, the Saras' black spaniel.

After tea the children tried out their new colored pencils and chalks on the drawing books and blackboards that were among their birthday presents.

When they tired of drawing they opened another parcel and found four guns and hats for them to play cowboys and Indians.

Everyone wanted to be Indians, so the children took it

LEFT-HANDED Phillip tries out his new chalks on his blackboard. All the other Quads are right-handed. All four love drawing. Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.



THE QUADS love to play with paper and crayons. From left: Judy, Alison, Mark, and Phillip.



in turn to wear feathers and ten-gallon hats.

Mrs. Percy Sara, the Quads' mother, said the children seemed to be getting on well at the Bellingen Central School.

The youngsters are learning nursery rhymes and the little dances that go with them. Phillip is especially interested in the dancing and singing.

"We know 'Frere Jacques' and 'Baa, Baa,'" said Phillip. "Me draw Frere Jacques now," and he dived for his chalks and blackboard.

"Me draw a tortoise," said Mark. "No, me draw aeroplane," and with a few strokes he turned his tortoise shell into a plane.

The Quads are growing up as individuals with distinct personalities.

Alison, the first-born, is the little mother. She has the maturest outlook, and takes the others in hand to show them how to do things at home.

Judy is quieter and the most independent Quad. She always wants to do things for herself and generally resents too much help.

Phillip, who is taller than the others, is another quiet one. He likes playing with grown-ups almost as much as with his brothers and sisters, and is never happier than when pretending to play the piano and singing snatches of nursery rhymes.

Mark is the exuberant one. Nothing is too difficult or too dangerous for him to try.

Not long ago, while he was in hospital having an injured finger treated, Mark, looking his most angelic as he sat up in his cot, was found to be the culprit who had blacked out the entire hospital.

He had found the hospital's electricity switchboard and had turned off every switch he could lay his hands on. They included the master switch.



"AS I WAS SAYING, I like two spoonfuls of sugar in mine," says Alison (right), as she and Judy serve themselves afternoon tea in their new red birthday-present plastic teacups.



"I ALWAYS THINK there's nothing like a good cup of tea and a bit of a chat," Judy seems to be saying to Alison as they sit up like two little old ladies to sip their tea.




"I'M NOT awfully good at reading teacups," Alison apparently comments as she looks into the bottom of Judy's cup. "but it looks as though you have something there."



"HEY! LOOK OUT, you'll spill the milk all down the front of my pretty new dress!" Judy forgets her party manners in her eagerness to get her cup refilled.



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# WOMEN IN THE 1955 REDEX



**VICTORIAN** entrant Helen Rosevear, aged 23, who went on last year's trial, won't be taking as much clothes or food this year. She drives a baker's van in Melbourne.



**OUR TEAM** (from left): Enid Nunn, Helen Frizell, and Betty Best in the Holden they will drive. They are the only all-woman team in this year's Redex.



## REDEX TRIAL

The Australian Women's Weekly

Many of the 16 women entrants in the 1955 round-Australia Redex trial are wives accompanying their husbands for the adventure of the long, tough trip.

There is only one all-woman team—Helen Frizell, Enid Nunn, and Betty Best in The Australian Women's Weekly Holden.

**F**IRST entrants for this year's trial were Mr. and Mrs. Bill Hambly-Clarke, of Norwood, S.A., who got their entry in before last year's trial finished.

Bonnie Hambly-Clarke is the only registered woman hot-rod driver in South Australia and has been on many hunting trips with her husband, a sporting gunsmith.

She can handle a heavy elephant rifle with ease and has shot buffalo, crocodile, and wild boar.

She has had some miraculous escapes in her hot-rod from crashes which would have put many male drivers off the sport for good.

Mrs. John Carmody, of Wentworthville, N.S.W., who

is share-driving and navigating a Ford Customline with her husband, navigated for him in the 1953 trial for light aircraft in which he was pilot.

Another husband-and-wife team, driving a Singer Nine, are Bill and Norma Williamson, of Gerringong, N.S.W.

The car carries the Redex number 27, which tallies with the age of dark-haired, dark-eyed Norma Williamson, the mother of Allan (8½), Bruce (7), and Christine (2½).

In 1953 and 1954 Mrs. Williamson stayed home with the children and listened-in to her husband's progress.

This year she is taking her turn at the wheel and doing most of the navigating and food organising.

When Allan Jurd, a car salesman, of Bondi, N.S.W., came home after last year's

Redex trial and told his wife all about it, Dorothy Jurd made up her mind that if there were another trial she would be in it, too.

Mrs. Jurd will travel with her husband and mechanic Jack Wilkinson, of South Australia, in a 1953 Spacemaster.

"I'm supposed to be the navigator," Mrs. Jurd said.

"I'll drive a little, too, relieving the boys, but only on easy stretches. I think most of my time will be taken up brewing billys of tea. That's the main reason they're taking me along."

Like Mrs. Jurd, Mrs. Reg Lenaghan, of Belmont, N.S.W., who has teamed with her husband to drive a Holden, was infected by his enthusiasm after last year's Redex.

A New Australian team from South Australia includes Mrs. Liba Nevecceral, of Rose Water, who will accompany her husband Bob, and their friend Mick Suchodolsky, a Ukrainian.

The Neveccerals are Czechs who arrived in Australia six years ago and have spent all their holidays on camping tours trying to see as much of the country as possible.

A dark blue Ford V8, lettered "The Men From Snowy

River," and with a drawing of a mountain on the back, is Redex entry number 14 from Cooma, N.S.W.

The men are Cliff Christensen, an American oil drilling contractor, and John Mack, from Cooma. Mrs. Christensen—more properly The Girl from Snowy River—completes the team.

Jean Christensen, mother of Margaret (11), John (8), and Glenn (6), first met her husband when he was in Australia with the American Army during the war.

"While we're away the children are staying in Cooma with their grandmother and aunt," said Mrs. Christensen.

Entering this year's Redex trial started as a joke for Mrs. Hazel Wade, of Guildford, N.S.W.

She and her husband, Bill, watched last year's Redex cars drive through Hornsby.

"We joked about the trial," Mrs. Wade said, "and told everyone we'd be going next year. We didn't really mean it, but all our friends ragged us about it until we got serious."

Mr. and Mrs. Wade will travel with Mrs. Wade's brother-in-law, Ted McPartland, in the Wades' light green 1952 Renault. They will all take turns at driving.

Experienced Redex contestants Marie McLachlan and her well-known driver husband, Bill, are hitting the trail by themselves this year.

"We want to keep the Customline as light as possible," Marie explained. "We don't think we'll need a relief driver."

Oldest woman entrant is Mrs. Charlotte Hayes, of Glebe, N.S.W. She is 65 and a grandmother.

This is Mrs. Hayes' first Redex, but she has driven various cars for 25 years and has taken her Volkswagen from Sydney to Melbourne in 11 hours, so she feels more than equal to the job.

She will wear a blue-grey boiler suit and matching woollen cap like those worn by her son, George Ross, of Newport, Victoria, who will navigate, and Jackie Ricardi, of Sunshine, Victoria, who will be their mechanic.



**GRANDMOTHER.** Mrs. Charlotte Hayes, of Glebe, N.S.W., is, at 65, the oldest woman entrant. She is a businesswoman who arrived in Australia from Edinburgh in 1912. "I'm as strong as a horse," she said.

Mrs. Stella Hall, an entrant from Tamworth, N.S.W., has an impressive list of previous car trial wins.

She won the Women's Section of the 1954 A.M. Car Trial, the Women's Section of 200-mile trial at Quirindi, N.S.W., and was the outright winner of 1000-mile "Imperial Trial" run by the Tamworth Sporting Car Club.

Miss Helen Rosevear, 23, of Clayton, Victoria, who was in last year's Redex Trial with two men, is tackling the course this time with only one other team-mate, Ron Johnston.

Helen drives a baker's van in Melbourne, so she has no fear of traffic.

Last year's winners of the West Australian section of the Redex included Mrs. Flo Gardner, of Bunbury, W.A., who acted as navigator.

This year Mrs. Gardner will navigate again and her drivers will be Ted Walton and Tom Bland.

Their Holden, "Bunbury Flo," will be doing the trial for the second time, too. "Flo" lost only 37 points last year and these were on the tough Cloncurry-Mt. Isa stretch.



**ENTRANT** Mrs. Bill Wade, of Guildford, N.S.W., who will accompany her husband and brother-in-law. She was a driver in the A.W.A.S. during the war.



**NEW AUSTRALIAN** Mrs. Liba Nevecceral, who will be in her husband's Wolseley 680, will be on her second Redex.



**NAVIGATOR** Mrs. Flo Gardner, of Bunbury, W.A., who will be on her second Redex.



**HOT-ROD** driver Bonnie Hambly-Clarke, of Norwood, S.A., who, with her husband, Bill, was the first entrant for this year's Redex.



**WARTIME** Air Force pilot John Carmody and his wife, Green, of Wentworthville, N.S.W., who are share-driving and navigating a Ford Customline in the Redex.



# Fairy Tales



● Balenciaga chooses draped coin-embossed rose tulle worn over a crinoline for this ball-gown (above). The design was inspired by Velázquez' Spanish Infanta.

● Christian Dior uses blue silk organdie over matching satin for his dress (above) with an A-line skirt. The high waist is marked by a moiré ribbon and jewelled clip.

● Four beautiful evening ballroom, show the new



# Paris Notes.



frocks, designed for the  
above-ankle skirt-length.



● Chanel calls the  
mousseline frock (above)  
"Marie Antoinette." The  
grace of a bertha and a  
sash of pink moire,  
caught with roses,  
accentuate the romantic  
character of the design.

● Balenciaga chooses  
vivid yellow for his  
crinoline dress (left). The  
dress is caught up at the  
hemline in festoons, to  
show flouncing of white  
broderie anglaise match-  
ing the neckline trim.

*Dorothea Johnston*



# the eyes



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More power in every drop

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4 shakes do a whole wash-up

STRIPS GREASE INSTANTLY AND LEAVES DISHES SPARKLING

only the more for being such a darling and such a little ninny. The time was bound to come when he would find some means of turning all this love and sympathy into other, and more personal, channels.

So they arrived in Buckinghamshire, and there was William. A stout horse with the air of one who does himself well, he browsed in a wide field—a field Philip knew at sight Clova could not possibly afford to hire.

From the outset he did not take to William, a horse with a hanging underlip with whiskers on it. For some extraordinary reason that Philip could not at all understand, Clova was convinced that William was devoted to her and filled with gratitude for all she had done for him. Philip never saw the slightest signs of such a thing.

All the way back to town, Clova talked of William, enthusiastic as a girl with her first lover. They discussed the problem of bedding and winter feed, and the terrible price of horse blankets.

That was where his friend again came in so handy. By strange coincidence his friend had an excellent field, much nearer town, and had been looking high and low for a horse to eat it down.

"My friend wants no rent," said Philip. It had been his firm intention to go as far as saying his friend was offering a small fee to a good eater-down, but his courage failed him at the last minute, for fear she smelt a rat.

They moved William down on Clova's next day off. By sheer coincidence there happened to be a horse box Philip's friend had heard of, returning empty, so there was no fee.

William was moody and difficult. First he would not go into the horse box—no doubt filled with suspicion and dread of some horrible fate. Once in, however, he liked it so well that they had a terrible time getting him out.

The change was all for the better. It was nice and near town, and while Clova canoodled with William in the paddock, Philip could sneak up to his house, and see the gar-

## Continuing . . . Rich Young Man

from page 9

dener and have a word with Mrs. Wilson, who kept the place clean and aired, and showed the visitors round on Tuesdays and Thursdays, collecting their one-and-sixpences.

He never knew how he was going to break the news to Clova that the large, sprawling mausoleum of a house that she was frequently scornful about belonged to him.

Problems, if left alone, he had discovered, often solved themselves. In that fond hope he lived through the summer.

Meantime, he tried to break the place to her gently, little by little.

"But supposing you just happen to have a place like that, through no fault of your own . . . What then?"

She said, her eyes flashing: "You could give it away."

He laughed hollowly. "My darling child, have you ever tried to give away something that nobody wants? Even if you add a pound of tea and a 1916-model Rolls Royce, no one will have it."

"I can assure you my friend has often longed to blast it down. And yet it would be a pity. It is very beautiful in its way—and England is not producing much that is beautiful nowadays."

She sighed and said nothing. Sometimes he felt that, what with the yellow roses on the old stone walls and the scent of the flowers from the long borders, she was weakening a little.

"But all this belonging to some rich young man who just slacks around . . ."

"My friend," he said haughtily, "does not slack around. He is an ordinary bloke like me. Something in the City, playing a tug of war with Fate, trying to make ends meet."

"He never wanted the place. He just inherited it, and if ever people weaken in their desire to look at antiques at one and sixpence a time, I don't know what the poor fellow will do. You should be sorry for him, not scornful about him."

He couldn't quite say why, but as they drove home that evening from their long frolic with William among the grass,

he had the feeling that he had made a little progress at last along the road to becoming a serious rival to the horse.

And then everything went wrong for him. He was not surprised. Things usually did. His firm sent him off without warning on one of those dreary audits that seem to have no beginning, no end. In Durham. For two long months he did not see her at all.

The golden leaves fell like pennies from heaven. The first frosts slew the begonias. Clova wrote to him from time to time, mostly about William, who now had things all his own way. Philip had almost abandoned all hopes of the affair, when out of the blue

"No small art is it to sleep; it is necessary for that purpose to keep awake all day."

—Nietzsche

came a telegram from Wilson, his gardener. Accident here. Please come. Mercifully he got it at a weekend.

Wilson met him at the station. He looked bothered and harassed.

"Nobody knowing who she was, beyond a friend of yours, we took her into the house, and Mrs. Wilson has seen to her. The doctor thinks it's more of a sprain than a fracture, but there's a real nasty place where the horse bit her."

Philip's heart was warmer towards William than ever before. "She's in the Pink Room, sir, that being the one where visitors don't go."

Philip went up the wide stairs two at a time.

Clova lay in one of those enormous double four-poster beds people inherit but would never dream of buying. She looked small and forlorn and wore one of Mrs. Wilson's nightdresses, a serviceable model with calico frills at waist and neck.

He forgot everything except how glad he was to see her

again. He knelt beside her and put his head on her shoulder. She did not appear to be surprised, but the calico frills pricked a good bit.

"All the trouble I've given you," she said.

"Think nothing of it," said Philip, very comfortably. "But how did it happen?"

"It was William. I was taking him down the lane for exercise when all of a sudden he turned very queer. Nasty, in fact. He sort of hooked at me with a front hoof, and wound his rope round and round my legs, and then he bit me."

"No man would ever have done such a thing," said Philip. "I always felt you were wasting your affections on William."

"You're laughing at me," she said faintly.

"No, my dearest dear, I am trying to divert all that affection of yours into different channels . . . I love you so . . . And I need you far, far more than any horse."

She put both her arms round him and held him close. "I never knew you had any problems," she said.

"Holy mackerel . . . Wait till I trot out a few of them. But not now. Not just yet, I'll explain everything to you later. I don't feel like hard facts just now . . ."

He looked round the Pink Room, amazed that it could be so nice and cosy. He had always thought it rather a ghastly apartment.

"Of course, I'd rather stay here. It's a wonderful place, and Mrs. Wilson is so kind. But your friend . . . what will he have to say?"

"You leave my friend to me," said Philip happily. "That will be all right, you'll find I have a suspicion he'll simply love to have you here. For a long, long stay . . ."

Later that night Philip went down to the paddock by moonlight. There was William, fast asleep standing up, in the ridiculous manner of the horse.

Carefully keeping his fingers out of the way, Philip fed him the best Cox's orange pippins.

(Copyright)

## Continuing . . . Daisy Pulled The Strings

from page 5

resentment was simply born of the old fear that Mrs. Thatcher might some day lure Daisy away altogether. Now, with a baby as bait, Mrs. Thatcher could.

But it was much more than that. She had always longed for a baby. She was tired of committee meetings; she was bored with bridge. Dick did not want her to take a job. She supposed his arguments were right, but secretly she thought that if you waited till you could afford a child, you would be too old and crotchety to want one. She began to line up her own arguments to present to him.

When she began to suspect that the Thatcher family was not going to be alone in its glory, but long before she was sure enough to say anything even to Dick (who had proved surprisingly taken with the whole idea), Lucia started to ask Daisy questions about Mrs. Thatcher. But all Daisy's answers were evasive, and Lucia felt chastened by her unwonted uncommunicativeness. Of course, Daisy was ashamed of her because she was prying.

She was dying to tell Daisy. Her own hips were sky-high by this time, and she thought she had never been so happy.

"You look very pretty to-night," Dick said approvingly one evening. "Not that you don't always, darling—"

By this time she was sure enough to have made an ap-

pointment with the doctor in two days' time.

"Honestly?" Dick gasped at the news. "That's wonderful, darling. We waited a long time, but I'm tickled pink if you think you're really right about this."

"I love you, Dick," she said. She did love him so very dearly at this moment, and she felt she had only just begun to understand what love could be.

"I'll ring you the minute I leave the doctor's," she promised two mornings later. "Oh, no, I have to go to a meeting about the church bazaar. I'll ring you as soon as I get home. Keep your fingers crossed for me, darling."

At last she could tell Daisy.

This time there really were tears in Daisy's eyes. "That's the best news I've ever heard. Mrs. Martin. I said to myself when I first came here to work for you, 'There's nothing like a baby to make a young couple happy,' and, of course, when I knew all about Mrs. Thatcher I've been hoping all along you'd surprise me, too. And so you have. Oh, dear, I'm that pleased."

And Daisy showed her pleasure by immediately starting to make little booties and bonnets, some pink and some blue, "so as to be sure," she told Lucia with a wise nod.

It was just a few weeks later that Lucia, doing the shopping one morning, decided to pop into the local "olde tea shoppe" for a cup of morning tea. The only seat vacant was at

a small table for two set by a sunny window. The other seat was already occupied by a kind-faced, elderly woman in a neat grey costume. Lucia slipped into the seat opposite after asking if it was vacant.

"Oh, yes," said the elderly woman. "Lovely day, isn't it?" Lucia nodded, but before she could say anything the waitress put down a tray in front of the other woman, saying, "Hope you'll like those little cakes, Mrs. Thatcher. They're just fresh out of the oven."

Lucia sat upright in surprise, and when the waitress had taken her order and gone away, Lucia leaned across the table and said, "Excuse me, it is Mrs. Thatcher, is it?" The woman nodded.

"Well," said Lucia, "I'm Lucia Martin, Mrs. Richard Martin."

"Not—not Daisy's Mrs. Martin?" Mrs. Thatcher gasped. "Oh, my dear, I am so delighted to meet you. Daisy talks about you constantly."

"Well," Lucia laughed, "I certainly feel as if I knew you and Mr. Thatcher . . ."

Mrs. Thatcher looked astonished. "Mr. Thatcher?" she said. "Why, Daisy never even knew him, my dear child. He died fifteen years ago."

They gazed at each other in bewilderment. "But the baby," Lucia began again, helplessly. "Baby?" Mrs. Thatcher said.

"I'm afraid I'm a little confused. We are talking about the same Daisy, aren't we?"

"You didn't go on a cruise last winter?" Lucia said slowly. "You don't own a budgerigar or a cat?"

"Well, I have got a cat," Mrs. Thatcher answered. "But no budgerigar. And I've never been on a cruise in my life." "I've been had," Lucia declared.

"It is wonderful to meet you," Mrs. Thatcher continued. "You know you've been such an inspiration to me, with all that beautiful embroidery you do—and the water-colors. I'd have been quite ready to give up the ghost this winter if it hadn't been for those hobbies. And I'm sure I wouldn't have worked nearly so hard nor enjoyed it half so much if Daisy hadn't spurred me on, telling me about the lovely things you were doing."

"Often I've wanted to thank you for what you've unwittingly done for me, and Daisy always stopped me. She was afraid it would embarrass you to know that she had talked about you so much."

"We've both been had!" Lucia exclaimed.

They looked at each other for a moment, then they both burst out laughing.

"Don't tell," Lucia urged. "And I won't, either. Cross my heart."

"And mine," said Mrs. Thatcher. They shook hands on it.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 24, 1955

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# Win the VELVET SOAP "WORTH ITS WEIGHT in GOLD" CONTEST

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- Below are three well-known Velvet Soap phrases, each with one missing word, shown by a dotted line. Contestants should supply the missing word.
- Next, contestants should complete, in not more than 50 words, the sentence beginning: "I've found Velvet is worth its weight in gold because..." (Contestants will find it much easier to write their answer if they read Aunt Jenny's hints below.)
- Contestants may send in as many entries as they wish, each on a separate sheet of paper with their name and address. Every entry must be accompanied by a Velvet Soap wrapper.\*
- When complete, entries must be posted to Velvet Contest, Box 7056, G.P.O., Sydney, to arrive not later than the 19th September. (No responsibility can be accepted for entries delayed or lost in transit.)
- All prize winners will be notified by mail and the first prize winner will be announced over "Give It A Go," on Monday, 3rd October, and "You're On Clover," on Friday, 7th October.
- Entries will be selected for their sincerity, neatness and aptness of thought.
- The Judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into in connection with the Contest.
- All entries will remain the property of J. Kitchen & Sons Pty. Ltd., who reserve the right to publish or broadcast the whole or portion of these entries as they see fit.
- Employees of J. Kitchen & Sons Pty. Ltd., its Associated Companies, its Advertising Agency and their families may not compete in this Contest.

\* Wrappers are not required from residents of any State where the enclosure of such wrappers would contravene the law of that State.

### ON A SEPARATE SHEET OF PAPER CONTESTANTS SHOULD FILL IN THE MISSING WORD IN EACH VELVET PHRASE

- Good ..... Velvet
- Velvet is as kind to your clothes as it is to your .....
- Velvet suds are ..... soapy.

### AUNT JENNY GIVES YOU THESE HINTS



It's like striking gold when you find out about Velvet because...

- ★ Velvet-washed clothes last longer.
- ★ Good, pure Velvet is kindest of all to your hands.
- ★ Velvet gets dishes and glassware sparkling, shining-clean.



graduating from Columbia next month and grinding for his final exams.

"Und you? You send your brother."

Seymour did begrudge Randall's affairs the necessary time and attention. No problem, he knew, was ever made less urbane by putting it off, but this one pushed its tentacles into so many different questions that he wished he could somehow chop it all down with one sharp blow. He knew perfectly well that Randall's plans must be made before the summer. Summers had been a nagging difficulty ever since the loss of the Hare Island house and all that went with it.

There had been temporary expedients for Lily and Randall of summer boarding-houses at mountain or seaside resorts cheap enough to meet the stingy limitations of the Trustees, while Seymour stayed in town working as an unpaid apprentice in the offices of Grew and Minturn, the leading firm of naval architects.

Beginning with this summer, after taking his degree, he had been offered a permanent post with the firm. The negligible salary did not much trouble him, for he also received the small portion of his income stipulated after he should reach the age of twenty-one.

In different circumstances, he often thought, with a quick effort to reject the creeping insinuations of disloyalty, he could now begin to make a thoroughly agreeable life for himself. A young bachelor could do very nicely on his means... with his mother and Randall away he could close this ugly, burdensome, over-sized house and take a couple of rooms over on Murray Hill... join a pleasant club where he could dine and find agreeable company... go out on cruises with clients of the firm whose yachts had problems to be solved... the prospect was so attractive that he had decided, on the hope of making it possible, to abandon the idea of graduate study in engineering, which Mr. Minturn had thought unnecessary... all he needed now was freedom.

Walking slowly home from his talk with Professor Mundt Seymour circled mentally round and round the core of the matter: freedom. It was within his grasp. And what was he to do about it?

He had begun to feel actual loathing for the bleary prospect of Twenty-fourth Street. In a couple of years it had degenerated badly. Unwashed windows were haphazardly curtained or not curtained at all; front yards had lost the last of their grass to crusts of cinders; a broken bicycle stood rusting against the areaway where it had been for months; and the final degradation was proclaimed by a sign reading

Continuing . . . .

ROOMS, fixed in a front window.

Seymour turned his head in revulsion and went along to his own low front gate. He had given up the struggle to keep flowers blooming in the two round beds on either side of the walk, but the lawn survived in some protest against the onslaught of grit.

He climbed the front steps slowly, and with a sigh let himself into the house. Professor Mundt's demands on behalf of Randall were right and necessary. But their price would have to be paid by Seymour, and this, he thought, was a bitter time to exact that price of him. He laid his hat on the hall table and stood for a moment outside the closed door of the drawing-room.

Randall was practising as usual, his drilling, dogged repetition of a short difficult passage grating on Seymour's nerves. It was dark in the hall, and seemed even darker on coming in from the brilliant spring sunshine outside. Seymour put his fingers to his eyes for a moment, because the sudden change of light had caused them to twitch and an illusion of sparkling beads to dance before them.

He muttered impatiently, and started up the stairs. He found his mother sitting as usual on the cluttered divan in her stuffy, shadowy room, her lap full of the contents of some box she had turned out on it, and beside her an open old-fashioned valise into which she was dropping things as she pawed them through. She looked up at Seymour with an unnaturally bright smile, for more often than not she was vague and drooping, and she said, "Oh, Seymour darling, it's you."

He kissed her cheek and stood for a moment watching her hands hover among the things in her lap.

"I thought I'd start getting ready, you know," she said.

"Ready Mama?" He smiled. "I hadn't quite thought about the summer yet."

"Oh, I didn't mean that!" said Lily eagerly. "I shall have so much to do getting ready for Vienna. I thought I could try to get started while you—"

He was actually surprised that his silence conveyed his chagrin to his mother. Her voice trailed away and she raised her face to him with a frightened stare; then her eyes filled with the inevitable tears. But she said, "Of course we ought to be leaving as soon as Randall—"

Seymour put his hand gently on her shoulder and drawing a breath said, "Mama dear, you aren't going to Vienna with Randall, you know."

## My Brother's Keeper

[from page 3]

She only looked at him with bewilderment. "Why," she mumbled, "why of course I'm to go. I've always—it was—"

"That was long ago," said Seymour, groping for kind and simple words in which to put this cruel statement. "It used to be a nice kind of dream for you and Randall to make together while Grandmama was alive and we all needed to dream of something that would mean escape from her. I had my dreams, too, you know."

"But it wasn't a dream," said Lily. "Randall and I are to go to Vienna and live in a nice little flat and go to—"

For a moment Seymour turned away and there passed through his mind the swift and daring thought: suppose I let them go? Suppose I just do the easy thing? The life which he would then be free to make for himself opened like a prospect of Paradise before him. Then the queer odor of the room bored at his nostrils; his throat caught in a dry knot, his head felt leaden. He looked at the windows with their perpetually drawn shades, a thing which had come about of Lily's imaginary headaches and become permanent nobody quite knew when.

"Mama," he said, speaking slowly and he hoped with tenderness. "You must try to understand. Things are altogether different now. You dreamed of going to Vienna with Randall when he was a little boy and you couldn't imagine him as a man and able to be on his own. And we all, I just said so, we all had our dreams of getting away from her."

He paused. His mother was sniffing. He said, "But now you don't have to be afraid of her any more. You are safe here, don't you see?"

He bent forward to see his mother's face and draw, if possible, a response of some kind from it, but she was already dissolving into high, whining tears.

"You have so much confidence in Professor Mundt," said Seymour, groping for some rational way of reinforcing his own opinion. "He feels that Randall should go, the sooner the better, we all know that. And he says that Randall must go alone."

Lily only wept in treble squeaks and after a series of gulps and chokes she got out, "He—he—he's too young. He needs me." After that Seymour thought he discerned,—"little boy. Can't go all alone."

He stood up suddenly, driven to make some quick motion to release a wave of irritation. He shoved his hands into his pockets and said, "Mama, stop crying and look at me." His

voice was cold and lashing. Lily gave a gasp of astonishment and jerked up her head.

Seymour stood there frowning. With that long downward pull of his mouth he bore sufficient resemblance to the source of all terror, for her, to make her crouch there, her mouth fallen open and her chin quivering below it. He said, "I'm sorry to be so hard about this, Mama, but you've got to understand once for all. Randall is not only not a little boy or a child any longer, he is a young man. He's got to get away from—from us and live the life of a music student since a musician is what he's going to be."

Lily crumpled again into noisy tears. Seymour said abruptly, "In case you think this is my own decision, you'd better know that Professor Mundt feels even more strongly about it than I do."

He turned to leave the room and found Randall just opening the door. The two stood face to face. Randall shut the door behind him and said, "I heard you."

"Well," said Seymour, "you can't be much surprised."

"No."

"There it is, then. You can start the day after you finish school."

Randall stood dumbstruck, looking at Seymour but listening to his mother. He moved as if to go over and comfort her and make the sort of affectionate fuss which was the only quick way to quiet Lily when she went into a state like this. But Seymour, standing with his arms folded and that alarmingly familiar look on his face, was a silent restraint.

Finally Randall said, "I don't see how I can go, making a gesture at Lily."

"I'll be the judge of that," Seymour was finding in himself a capacity for hardness which he had never measured before.

"But," said Randall.

Seymour stared at him. "You heard what I said, Ran. I didn't think there was going to be any 'but' business from you. I thought you wanted to be a pianist."

"Well, I do."

"Then you've got to strike out and be one."

Randall's fair head drooped and he stood, unconsciously, in an attitude of weakness such as to rouse in Seymour a real sense of alarm. "He is too soft," Professor Mundt had said this afternoon. The thick voice echoed in Seymour's ears.

He watched Randall, as plainly swaying in the inner winds of uncertainty as a tree in a storm; and he looked at his mother, helpless and for all the problems she personified, curiously inert. There was nothing more to say. He gave Randall a look of cogent meaning and left the room. He went downstairs to the library and flung himself into the chair at his desk; he had hours of studying to do and nothing could so have unfitted him for it in mind and mood as the scene he had just left. He sat scowling at the difficult diagram on the open page before him, champing the stem of his pipe in his teeth.

There was a quiet knock on the door and Seymour snapped, "Come in!" He had expected Randall.

"What do you want?" he asked brusquely as Randall closed the door. "You know I've got all this cramming to do."

"Of course I know," Seymour almost winced at the timidity in Randall's voice. "But I thought—I guess I thought—"

"What?"

"Oh—I don't know," Randall leaned across the desk and

"They'll whisper about you!"



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**IS THE FAMOUS BRAND OF MANY FAMOUS PAINTS**



looked at Seymour with a pleading expression. "It's awfully hard on Mama, Brother. Can't you see?"

"Of course I can see! What do you take me for, a fool?"

"Then, why—"

"Because there's no sense doing any more damage around here after all that's been done already. Mama is—you know what she is. Give it any name you like. The point is she will never be any less childish and helpless than she is now, and if one of us is going to be saddled with her—" Seymour ignored the shocked expression which crossed Randall's face—"it had better be me. I don't have to go to Europe on account of my work and you do."

"Maybe," said Randall uncertainly, "I wouldn't have to go either."

Seymour scowled. "What do you mean? You mean you're afraid to go?"

"Oh, no," said Randall quickly.

"Then what are you talking about? I've made it plain as axes. You're going and you're going alone."

"I'd be perfectly willing to have her along," Randall was not looking at Seymour as he spoke. "She wouldn't be in my way."

Seymour slammed his book shut and met Randall's startled eyes with the cold stare which meant the rousing of his temper.

"I'm getting sick of this," he said. "The whole point is that she is not to go with you, she is not going anywhere. She's going to stay here, where she's my responsibility, and you are either going to Vienna and make sense or you are not. The choice is up to you. You are going to make the choice, and make it today. And once it's made it's going to stay made."

Randall turned slowly and went over to the bay window and stood looking at the back yard. He knew that Seymour was right. He wanted to agree with him; all his life he had drawn his strongest satisfactions from agreement with Seymour, or from acting together with

## Continuing . . . . My Brother's Keeper

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him; most of all from letting Seymour make choices and take decisions for them both. Suddenly this strong framework appeared to be collapsing beneath Randall's feet. He turned irresolutely.

"I'm going to—I want to—" He paused. Seymour gave him no help. "I'll tell you after dinner," Randall finished, forcing out the words.

"I won't be here."

"You won't?"

"I'm going to take a woman to supper at Jack's," said Seymour so harshly that he was almost shouting. "And afterwards I'm going to her flat with her. See? And it would be good for you if you did something of the sort yourself."

"And you should never have come in the first place," Steingruber was a sour, sickly man with a wry expression and meaty hands thrusting from his soiled cuffs. He was pacing the end of the room while Randall sat mute at the piano.

"More than a year already you study by me and first I think, well, yes, good enough. You learn good, work is good. You can play. But something is not there." He paused and scratched his short bristle of dusty grey hair. "Then I think he is like all the other English, he is too—too—"

"I am not English."

"I'm talking!" shouted Steingruber. "English, Amerikaner, it's all the same."

"I see."

"You understand? Then why waste my time?"

"I didn't know I was wasting it." Randall's face was ashy. He had been biting his lips and keeping his hands clenched under the keyboard. He had to force his voice to make a sound.

"You don't feel? You don't know?"

Randall raised his head and gazed straight at Steingruber. "You think me a fool," he said, breathing loudly through his nose. "Will it be easier for you if I go on acting like one?"

"For me?" Steingruber shuffled down the room and leaned across the music rack to stare astonished into Randall's hurt blue eyes. "Why think about me? This is your life, not mine." His rough testiness was giving way to bewilderment. "Why care what's easy for me?"

"Because if it hadn't been hard you would probably have said this long ago—maybe right in the beginning."

"But you are supposed to protest!" said Steingruber, stupidly. "You are supposed



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to call me a brute or a fool who can't understand you. Then you rush away to somebody else, to Leipzig or Warsaw—"

"I don't think you're a brute. I guess you may be right." Randall had to make a stern effort to hold his voice from wavering. He sat exchanging with Steingruber the first truthful look that either had ever dared. The pinched bitter lines relaxed around Steingruber's long nose, and standing there he looked almost kindly.

"Tell me," he said. "This—is it what you really want?" He thumped the piano with his hand.

Randall did not answer at

once. After a time he said, "In—in a way. It wasn't my idea in the first place. I just never thought about not doing it."

"So. Again the mama, old Max Mundt wrote me. First I thought no. We see this very often, you understand. Then he begs me at least to listen. Can I refuse? So I listen."

Steingruber scratched his head again. "So like I said, talent it is there. You pass the examinations. But beyond that, what? I must ask myself, I am an honest man." He spread his hands with a flap. "I see nothing further. I'm sorry."

"That's all right," said Randall faintly. Steingruber leaned forward and peered at him.

"But how? What will you do? What becomes of you?"

"That's what I was about to ask you."

"Me? Why me?"

"Who else?" The good innocent blue eyes looked into his. "I—" Randall swallowed and took a long breath and said with much effort, "I don't want to go back to New York a total failure. Even if I didn't mind not being a pianist, it's the others, you see. They—they're the ones who care."

"The mother and—?"

"My brother."

"He is good? You love him?"

"Oh, yes! Very much."

"He pays for this?"

"No, no. It's not a question of money."

Steingruber watched thoughtfully the faint color that mantled the boy's face and faded again, leaving him paler than before. How could they ever have been such fools, he thought. Soft and timid and so easily hurt, not one gram of the brass necessary for the brutal contests of the concert world. Maybe the mother and the brother could not know any better, but Mundt? Steingruber shook his head.

"So," he said slowly, "if you don't make a concert artist, you would still like to do something by the piano?"

Randall nodded, unconscious that the slow sagging of his shoulders told too clearly his relief, his anxiety, and his burden of shaken pride. Steingruber spoke thoughtfully.

"It is true you are a good musician. Clean. Sound. You read wonderful. You would be a good accompanist." He watched the boy closely to see whether this would appear a humiliation, but Randall gave no sign.

Steingruber said hastily, "Some artists are almost made by their accompanists. You know that? Some singers are cattle with a voice until their accompanist, their coach, shows them what to do."

Randall did not say anything. Steingruber could not guess what he was thinking. Just as the teacher was casting about for some word, however empty, to mitigate the draught he had administered, Randall looked up and said quietly, "I should think there would be so many people like me in Vienna that there couldn't possibly be room for one more."

Steingruber nodded heavily. "Not a fool, not at all. You are right, what you said is true. But for those who stay in Wien! Even the good ones starve. You did not mean to stay in Wien?"

"No, oh, no. Just to study."

"So. You work, you get experience, you get authority, by the Court Opera gives much prestige. Then you go to America you get all the work you can do. Such a life is better than a bad virtuoso. Better than a teacher, too," he said sourly.

"Oh."

"Look at me," growled Steingruber. "You think I expected to be a Professor? You think anybody expects to? Ha! Each one is another Liszt, bigger than Liszt. Me. You. Everybody. Ten thousand Liszts!"

Randall pushed back his piano stool and stood up slowly. He walked over to the green tile stove and leaned his shoulders against it, comforted by the mild warmth. Steingruber flung himself into an armchair near the piano and began to fill his long-stemmed pipe. Randall had never thought of him, much less seen him, as a natural person. He was known as a terror and students regarded their courses with him as their worst ordeal.

Now it appeared one need deal with him on no terms but the simple truth. For the first time in a whole strange distorted year Randall felt calm and almost happy.

"Herr Professor," he said, "would you be willing to help me do what you suggest? Go to the right place to learn?"

"Such a way you listened to me, you don't think I don't help you? Of course I help you. I will talk to Kippler at the Hofoper, maybe he soon even gives you a little to do, who knows?"

"Who is Kippler?"

Steingruber raised his shoulders and sighed with impatience that anybody, even a green American student, should not know who the leading musical personalities were.

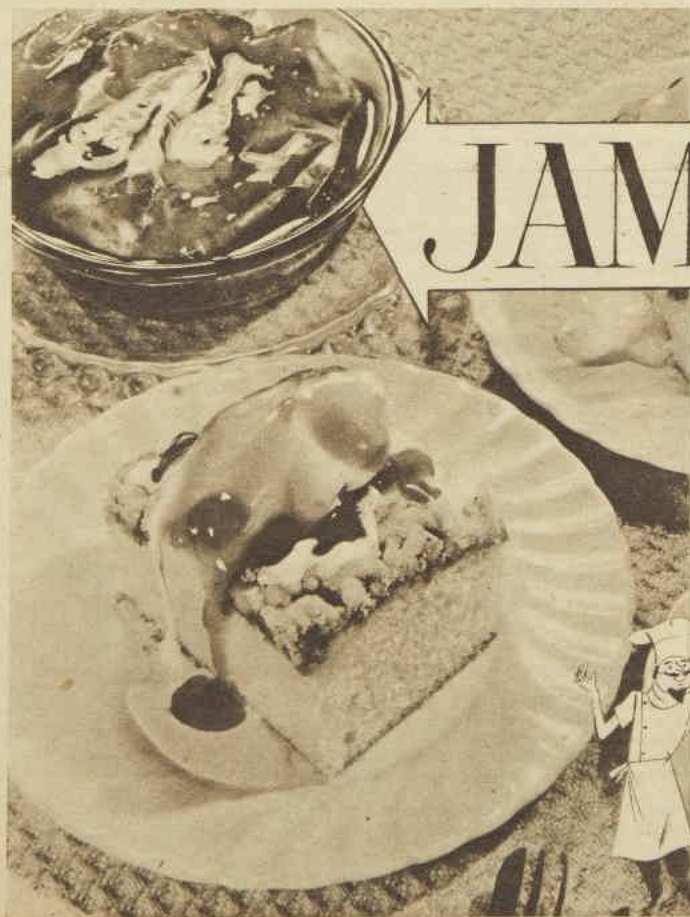
"Kippler is Kippler. I think he is called maybe chief cor-repetiteur, or head rehearsal superintendent, more words I have not got. By Kippler they prepare the singers for the orchestra rehearsals. How many young pianists they use, you could imagine—" He flapped his hands again.

"Go now," he said, looking at the cuckoo clock on the cluttered wall. "Go, the next poor devil is coming. Ach!"

Seymour did not read all of Randall's letter to their mother, only as much of it as would leave her in her dream. Lily Holt had become a dim and dusty wraith, willingly cut off from every contact with reality except in her obsession about Randall. Seymour's only insurance of peace or privacy for himself was to feed his mother continuous, judicious doses of enough good news of Randall to keep her content and busy in her imagined world, where Randall was now an important musical figure.

It was easy to edit Randall's long letter in such a way that

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\* Quick sweet for to-night

# JAM Crunch Dessert

1 cup sifted S.R. flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 oz. shortening, 1/3 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1/3 cup milk, vanilla.

Jam Crumb Topping. ½ cup whipped jam, ½ cup flour, ½ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon coconut.

Cream together the shortening, vanilla and sugar, add well-beaten egg. Add milk alternately with sifted flour and salt, mixing well after each addition. Turn into well-greased 7 x 7 x 2 inch pan. Spread with jam. Combine remaining ingredients and sprinkle over cake. Bake in a moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes.

A TIP FROM A FRENCH PASTRYCOOK  
The prettiest, tastiest fruit tarts are finished with a jam glaze. Arrange the fruit (sliced apples, apricots or cherries) in the prepared pastry case, spread over the jam with a brush. Sprinkle with light coloured jam, red jam for red fruits and bake in oven till fruit is tender and pastry crisp. Very good!

A jam crumb topping is baked on this cake-like dessert. Choose your favourite jam—any kind of jam will add its own good fresh fruit flavour. Serve it warm from the oven with whipped cream and luscious jam sauce.

JAM SAUCE. Combine ½ cup jam (use the same jam as in the crumb topping) with ½ cup water and 1 rounded dessertspoon cornflour. Cook over low heat until thickened and clear, stirring constantly.

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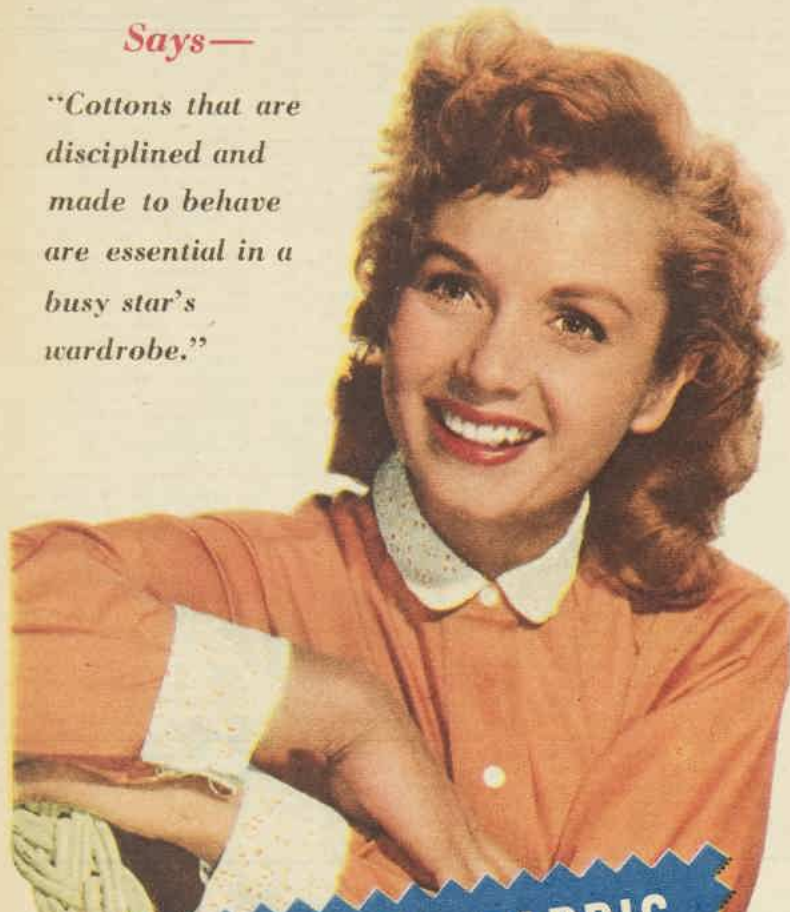
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Continuing . . . .

## My Brother's Keeper

from page 43

### DEN REPLY MY LETTER PROMPTLY.

What could have happened? Seymour dismissed his first impulse to cable and inquire; Randall had obviously written already. Seymour's imagination tormented him all through the two weeks until Randall's letter arrived. When it came, nothing had prepared Seymour for the absurd escapade which had engulfed his meek and innocent brother.

It began at Fasching, Carnival time, after Randall had spent the winter studying hard with Anton Pachl, one of the staff correspondents at the Hofoper, and a favorite accompanist of the singers at their Liederabende. Pachl, like Randall's previous teachers, could scarcely believe from his first impression how good a musician the youth really was, how much serious ability and proficiency lay behind the timid, too gentle personality.

"You should get out more," Pachl advised him in the German which Randall now spoke well. Pachl was young himself and his advice was not theoretical. "Be frivolous, be like everybody else. This is Wien, after all—why live in it as if it were a convent?"

Why, indeed? Randall was ashamed to confess that he had no idea how to change the drab existence he had pursued ever since coming here. He could not relate his own austere and frugal life, his hours of practice in his gloomy room in the Riemergasse, to the dazzling splendors that he saw on the short walk from his lodgings to the Hofoper. He had heard that there was no spectacle anywhere to compare to the Karntnerstrasse, and he supposed this must be true.

Where else could there be such glittering turnouts, such preening human peacocks in uniform, such beautiful women so richly dressed, the ladies in barouches and victorias on their way to the Ringstrasse, the demi-mondaines strolling on foot?

The shop windows burgeoned with jewels and furs and fantasies. The air was rich and ripe with perfume and the fat aroma of chocolate and coffee; one could feel the texture of leisure and laxness and mischief. But what had all that to do with him, he thought; and still less could he attain a sense of any relationship to the lives of the people at the Hofoper.

"You will go to the Maskenball with me," Pachl said,

"and we will see what we will see."

"Oh—I couldn't!" Randall was really frightened. "Why—I've never been to a ball. I don't even dance."

"Then you are in the right place to learn."

Pachl dragged him to the Carnival Ball on Shrove Tuesday, after fitting them both to dominoes and masks in a wardrobe room at the opera house. The street as they stepped out on the Ring was a wonderland of lights, packed all its width with shouting, singing, dancing people, blowing horns and waving streamers as they pranced along. The Karlsplatz was beautifully decorated with banners and lanterns and the great doors of the Musikverein stood open in a blaze of light, welcoming all Vienna to the unique occasion of the year.

Pachl hurried forward, dragging Randall by a firm grip on the elbow. Once inside, Randall saw the impossibility of escape. Never could there have been such a crowd, he thought, and surely never so good-natured a one. It was impossible to move as one chose, one felt oneself swept along in the main stream moving through the corridors to the great hall flanked by its accessory salons all brilliant with light. The crowd was so dense that it muffled the music.

He edged his way into a deep corner under the balcony, relieved at losing Pachl in the crowd, and fascinated by his first real view of waltzing Vienna, gayer than at any other time behind the secrets of its masks. He was lost in the spectacle, when to his horror a woman's hand slid up his forearm under the loose domino sleeve and a masked face pressed so close to his that he drew back in terror.

"Nah!" she whispered, putting her lips against his ear. She spoke in broad dialect. "Let's go and drink a little wine."

"Th-thank you," Randall gulped. "I'd rather—I'm not—"

"Nonsense. This is Fasching, you can't say no."

Alone he could never have wormed his way through that vast crowd and out of the ballroom and off into a maze of halls and stairs and corridors which became less and less crowded as his companion, clinging to his arm, firmly made her way. She knew where she was going and Randall shook with suspense and the helpless knowledge that he

To page 48

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# New star plays Vagabond King

**Film Fan-Fare**

CONDUCTED BY  
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★ New movie hopeful Oreste Kirkop makes his star debut in the title role of Paramount's technicolor VistaVision production of the well-known Rudolf Friml musical adventure "The Vagabond King." Kirkop was recruited from Covent Garden, in London, to sing and act the part of the dashing hero. His co-star is box-office favorite Kathryn Grayson. Rita Moreno, one of Hollywood's most engaging gamines, has her most rewarding film break to date in a main feature role.



**ORESTE KIRKOP** (above), 28-year-old Maltese-born bachelor, brings a fine singing voice and charm to the part of Francois Villon, the vagabond hero of the musical.



**LEFT.** Kathryn Grayson, star of many Hollywood musicals, plays Lady Catherine, who is romantically involved with Francois Villon in "The Vagabond King." The film's musical score includes several new songs as well as old favorites.

**ABOVE.** Rita Moreno has a part that is to her taste and talent as Huguette, the fiery peasant of the musical, which is set in the 15th century and has a Robin Hood theme.



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## Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

### ★★ The High and The Mighty

ALTHOUGH this top-budget picturisation of "The High and The Mighty" lacks the grinding suspense of Ernest Gann's novel, Warners' have come up with some good entertainment that is tinged with tension by combining the talents of top stars with all the tricks of slick production, including CinemaScope and color.

Telling the story of an ordeal flight aboard a civil airliner that strikes mechanical trouble in the middle of the Pacific, the picture reeks with the human drama that is to be found among the members of the crew as well as the group of passengers who board the craft at Honolulu for the trip to San Francisco.

No sooner is the plane airborne than it is discovered that all but one of those present

(he's a simple fisherman who merely requires transportation to San Francisco) are loaded with troubles.

Most of their bothers are, of course, resolved during the harrowing trip in which veteran co-pilot John Wayne saves everyone's life by preventing the captain (Robert Stack) from ditching the ship during an attack of nerves.

As the picture plunges into the emotions of the company, a young honeymoon couple develop confidence in their ability to face the future, and an acid-tongued, rich wife (Laraine Day) comes to terms with her husband (John Howard).

Suitable "outs" are also

### OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent  
★★★ Above average  
★ Average  
No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.



ELEGANT actress Merle Oberon arrives at a Hollywood first-night with her new husband, Dr. Rex Ross. After years of living on the Continent, where she is a popular society figure, Merle is back at work in Hollywood.

provided for Paul Kelly's atom scientist, for a jealous husband packing a pistol in his pocket (Sydney Blackmer), and for a prostitute (Claire Trevor).

Although copious flashbacks are used to explain their motivations, most of the people who appear during an unbelievably long trip remain characters in the film rather than real people.

Newcomer Doe Avedon is pleasantly every-day as the efficient air hostess, and there is some interesting footage as an air-search party swings into action in the night.

In Sydney—Regent.

### ★ The Joe Louis Story

THIS modest biography of negro heavyweight boxer Joe Louis is always dignified.

The story traces the career and life of the ex-champion from his small-town beginnings up to the time of his defeat by Rocky Marciano at Madison Square Garden.

A hugely smiling young negro named Coley Wallace is well suited to the title role. Besides bearing a close resemblance to Louis, Wallace gives an efficient account of himself in his boxing sequences.

It is the world championship angle of the story that is quite properly accented and will interest boxing fans most keenly.

Those responsible have given the story a touch of

authenticity as well as excitement by interpolating news-reel shots of the contests fought by Louis with such boxing names as Braddock, Schmeling, and Baer.

In his final bout with aggressive young Marciano balding Joe Louis is a pathetic, lumbering figure of defeat.

James Edwards provides the film's top acting with his concept of Chappie Blackburn, the ex-boxer who became the trainer, mentor, and friend of Joe Louis.

In Sydney—Palace.

## News from studios

BAD luck kept Mari Blanchard out of "Vera Cruz," the big-scale Western in which she was to co-star with Gary Cooper and Burt Lancaster. It would, according to Lancaster, have made her a big star. Instead, she was pulled out of the cast at the last minute over a legal technicality. French actress Denise Darcel took over the part at a day's notice.

JUDY LEWIS, 19-year-old hopeful who looks like her mother, Loretta Young, has decided in favor of a film career and hired agent Meyer Mishkin to get her some work. Meyer specialises in screen newcomers. Among his clients is Gordon Scott, Hollywood's newest Tarzan, whom he discovered in a Las Vegas hotel working as a swimming-pool attendant.

## CITY FILM GUIDE

### Films reviewed

CENTURY.—★★ "A Man Called Peter," CinemaScope drama in Delux color, starring Richard Todd, Jean Peters. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—★ "Beautiful Stranger," thriller, starring Ginger Rogers, Stanley Baker, Jacques Bergerac. Plus ★★ "The Angel Who Pawned Her Harp," comedy, starring Diane Cilento, Felix Aylmer.

LIBERTY.—★★ "Interrupted Melody," CinemaScope musical drama, starring Eleanor Parker, Glenn Ford. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★ "So This Is Paris," technicolor musical, starring Tony Curtis, Gloria De Haven. Plus ★ "Veils of Bagdad," Oriental adventure in technicolor, starring Victor Mature, Mari Blanchard.

LVRIC.—★ "I Wanted Wings," drama, starring Ray Milland, William Holden, Veronica Lake. Plus ★ "King of China Town," thriller, starring Akim Tamiroff, Anna May Wong, J. Carol Naish. (Both re-releases. Reviews unavailable.)

MAYFAIR.—★ "Untamed," Delux color CinemaScope period adventure, starring Susan Hayward, Tyrone Power, Richard Egan. Plus featurettes.

PALACE.—★ "The Joe Louis Story," sporting biography, starring Coley Wallace, Paul Stewart, Hilda Simms. (See review this page.) Plus "Neanderthal Man," science-fiction thriller, starring Robert Shayne, Richard Crane, Doris Merrick, Joyce Terry.

PLAZA.—★★ "Dragnet," Warnercolor thriller, starring Jack Webb, Ben Alexander, Ann Robinson. Plus "Outlaw's Daughter," color Western, starring Jim Davis, Keely Ryan, Bill Williams.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★ "Three Ring Circus," VistaVision technicolor musical, starring Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Joanne Dru, Zsa Zsa Gabor. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★★ "Bread, Love, and Dreams" ("Pain, Amore e Fantasia"), Italian-language comedy, starring Gina Lollobrigida, Vittorio de Sica, Roberto Risso, Mariella Merini. Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES.—★★ "Blackboard Jungle," MetroScope juvenile drama, starring Glenn Ford, Anne Francis. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—★★★ "The Purple Plain," technicolor drama, starring Gregory Peck, Win Min Than. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★★ "The High and the Mighty," CinemaScope Warnercolor drama, starring John Wayne, Robert Stack, Claire Trevor, Laraine Day. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

### Films not yet reviewed

CAPITOL.—"Cell 2455 Death Row," thriller, starring William Campbell, Robert Campbell, Marian Carr, Kathryn Grant. Plus "Pirates of Tripoli," technicolor sea adventure, starring Patricia Medina, Paul Henreid.

EMBASSY.—"Happy Ever After," technicolor comedy, starring Yvonne De Carlo, David Niven, Barry Fitzgerald. Plus featurettes.

PARIS.—"Hansel and Gretel," children's opera in color. Plus featurettes. (Could commence Saturday, 30/8/55.)

VICTORY.—"This Island Earth," technicolor science fiction, starring Jeff Morrow, Faith Domergue, Rex Reason. Plus "The Looters," drama, starring Rory Calhoun, Julie Adams.

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**1 DOCUMENT** signed by King Philip II of Spain condemning to death one Juan Escovedo is hidden by Antonio Perez (Gilbert Roland), left, a Secretary of State, in Aragon.



**2 VISIT** from King Philip (Paul Scofield), left, while Perez is at her home surprises Court favorite Princess Ana de Mendoza (Olivia de Havilland). The monarch is jealous, but urges her to sponsor Perez at Court.



**3 ROMANCE** of Ana and Perez is disclosed to the King by Escovedo. Perez tells Escovedo Philip has already signed his death warrant.

## ROYAL INTRIGUE

★ A tangled web of Court intrigue is the background for romance in "That Lady" (presented by Fox in color CinemaScope), in which Olivia de Havilland plays the title role.

The story tells how a courageous aristocrat (de Havilland) earns the displeasure of a monarch, in whose name she once lost an eye in a duel, when she falls in love with a Royal Secretary of State (Gilbert Roland).



**4 NEWS** of Escovedo's death comes to Ana through Cardinal Quiroga (Robert Harris). He warns her his family will demand the death of Perez, and suggests he leave the country.



**5 DISPLEASED**, King Philip rejects Ana's pleas for her lover, who swears he is innocent. He refuses to let Perez stand trial, and, with pious cruelty, orders her into protective custody. Ana's health fails.



**6 IMPRISONED** and tortured by Vasquez (Dennis Price), left, the King's first secretary, Perez refuses to divulge whereabouts of the hidden document. But his servant, Diego, talks under pressure.



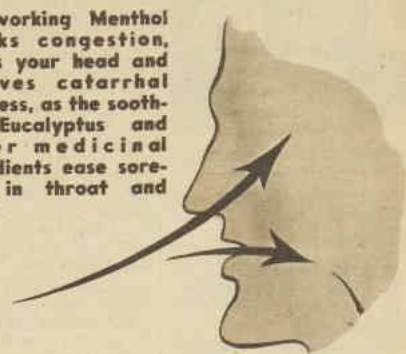
**7 MONKS** spirit Perez and Diego out of prison when the Cardinal discovers who really murdered Escovedo. He also arranges affairs so that the King hears confession of guilt by Vasquez.



**8 EMBITTERED** and old before his time, King Philip muses over his persecutions, while Perez fulfils a death-bed request by Ana that he take her small son, Fernando, to the safety of Italy.

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## Career Housewife



A COSMETIC DEMONSTRATOR must know the secret of good make-up, have a ready flow of conversation and very nice hands.

Interviewed at work in a big Sydney perfumery, attractive Mrs. Moylan (above), of Oceania Crescent, Newport, says: "Hands are always prominent in this job—for one thing, we always demonstrate lipstick shades on the back of our hands. So you see how important it is to keep them soft and smooth. That's one of the reasons I prefer to use Persil on washday. I think we career housewives are particularly lucky to have Persil—not only does it give wonderful washday results, but it is kind to your hands."

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was trapped. Once he paused at the entrance to a refreshment-hall and said, "Here, let us stop here, the wine—"

But she went on as if she had not heard him, softly chuckling to herself. They came to a dingy passage papered in dark green wall-paper and dimly lit by a gas-jet. Randall coughed and said, "I think we've—there's a mistake, isn't there?" But she only laughed and stopped walking and, her eyes glittering through the slits of her mask, slid her left hand along a moulding while her right hand stayed tucked in Randall's arm. Behind her the wall opened. Randall stiffened and she snickered and said, "It's nothing, just a back door."

Still teasing with her eyes, she stepped backwards through the wall, drawing him with her. He found himself in a small room, quite commonplace, clearly the office or the studio of some functionary. There was a desk and a piano and a bookcase full of scores and a dado lined with plaster busts of the composers, and a narrow horseshair sofa.

"See?" she giggled, raising the black lace veil that hung from the upper half of her mask, and before Randall could stop her she had dropped on to the couch, clinging to him, and kissing him passionately.

At last, releasing him, she gave a chuckle. "It is true what they say—you had never kissed a woman." She whipped off her mask.

"Oh, Ott . . . Otti." He turned and shrank against the wall.

"Ja!" she cried, beaming like a jack-o'-lantern. "Otti Kunz!" Her voice broke over him in shrill, delighted peals.

"Get—go—let me get out of here," he said. He was struggling in the maze of her skirts and ruffles and her big, muscular arms.

She shook him gaily by the shoulders. "Silly, stupid! What are you alive for? Without pleasure is what?" and again she overwhelmed him. In his mind ran fragments of thought . . . you might as well . . . what have I to lose . . .

Seymour would . . . "Now I let you go," she said. She shook her forefinger under his nose. "But not for long."

If Randall had ever imagined plunging into the maelstrom of careless pleasure in which the artists revelled, it could surely never have been with Otilie Kunz. She was one of the half-dozen leading sopranos and would probably never have seen Randall at all, except that Pachi in the midst of the piano rehearsals for Fursnot had caught a bad cold and Randall had been drafted to fill the gap for a week.

He could not have known that the big prima donna had even noticed him. She was surrounded with the usual degree of obsequious fuss, but also there trailed in her wake a sizzle of gossip which Randall, if he understood it, was too naive to believe. And now he was engulfed by her.

Well—if he allowed himself to think of it at all, it was of Seymour, who could never again hand down advice in sarcastic superiority, and so whenever he received a peremptory whisper or scribble from Otti, he obeyed her summons.

A note was slipped into his hand one evening when he had been listening backstage to "Die Wulkere," in which Otti did not sing. He sighed. The note said, "Come at once to Sacher's, Apartment 141. Bring along a score and tell the Concierge you are expected."

Randall went out to the passage and stood there hesitating. This looked like a bad idea. She could not be in Sacher's except at the instigation of somebody who belonged

Continuing . . .

there, and why then had she sent for him? He was very uneasy. Some kind of prank lay at the bottom of this and he dreaded involvement. Then he thought, oh, what's the use—maybe this is the only way I'll ever see the inside of Sacher's—and how much harm can she do if I walk into anything so long as I've got a score under my arm? He went to the library and got out "Otello" and took it across the street to Sacher's.

Otti greeted him boisterously. He found her lolling in a cushioned couch in the midst of a spectacle of luxury such as all the gossip about Sacher's had never led him to imagine. The room was a bonbon-box; silk walls, gilt, wildly elaborate furniture, enormous festooned curtains, rose-shaded lights, a thick flowered carpet and—Randall noted queerly—not a breath of air. Otti sat chuckling, and twirling the neck of a champagne bottle buried in a pail of ice, while Randall stood dumb-struck gazing at an alcove whose damask curtains displayed, rather than concealed, a vast brass bed heaped with lacy and berib-



boned pillows. He turned his shocked blue eyes on Otti.

"So it's true," he said stupidly. "About Prince Werdenstein. This is his apartment."

"Of course it's true. Who's making any secrets? Come, give me a kiss."

"Certainly not. I'm going."

"Come, drink some champagne and don't be so stuffy. Here." She poured a glass and held it up.

"Otti, come to your senses. Have you no shame? Where's your—your—prince?"

"Not here. He sent word he was prevented at the last minute. So I got bored and sent for you."

"Well, I don't like it. Good-night." Randall turned to leave the room.

Otti Kunz bounded from her chair and had just wrapped him in her formidable arms when they heard the key in the lock, the door was flung open, and the prince walked through.

Randall had never had a good look at such a sight, he had only seen such figures in the distance. He took in the tight snow-white trousers, the pale blue tunic dripping with gold braid and lace, the medals and orders, the scarlet sash, the preposterous choker collar topped by a thin, vapid face wreathed in frizzy blond mustonchops and thinning fair hair. Why, thought Randall, you poppinjay, you look a fool. There can't be a man inside that get-up.

"Who are you?" asked Prince Werdenstein with the utmost insolence.

Randall did not answer. The Prince stared, produced an eye-

## My Brother's Keeper

from page 44

glass, and screwed it into his right eye.

"It makes no difference at the moment who I am," said Randall in English. "With your permission—" he stopped speaking because to his left he saw the inevitable small upholstered door in the wall, and it was opening. And then he jumped at a squeal of panic from Otti Kunz.

"Franz!" she shrieked. "Idiot!"

The Prince and Randall gazed stupidly at the waiter who had entered carrying a tray with fresh glasses. Then they turned to look at Otti Kunz. Randall was bewildered but still intent on getting away; he even moved towards the door, but a roar of "Stop!" from the Prince held him involuntarily. He turned to see the waiter wringing his hands and bowing and scraping before the Prince, gasping, "Excellenz! Excuse! A mistake, a—"

"Who the devil is this man?" The Prince was standing over Otti. "What's going on? This man doesn't work here."

"for that. But principle—honor—"

"Principle!" cried Randall. "Honor!" He looked from one corrupt face to the other, the highest and lowest of the type. "Now see here," he said. "I didn't want to come here. I was made a fool of, too. All I want is to get away from this tart."

"Nobody will argue the epithet with you," said the Prince. But lese-majeste—

"I'm an American. We don't recognise—"

"Psst," whispered Kunz, edging behind Randall. "Excellenz is married to the Archduchess Franziska."

Randall could not see why a royal wife made any difference. He stared, and the Prince said, "You will leave Vienna at once?"

"Why?" As soon as he had uttered the word Randall realised his naivete. The story would be all over the capital tomorrow and his continued presence would provoke a cyclone of ridicule around Werdenstein, Randall said, "I intend to stay in Vienna and finish the work I came here to do."

"Not if the Imperial Chamberlain has reason to arrange your departure. Now go."

He pointed to the door and Randall never remembered the moves by which he found himself again in the street.

"So you see, Brother," Seymour read, "I didn't know exactly what to do, and for the time being I came here to Dresden. I suppose I could go on with the work I was doing in Vienna, the opera is very good here. But I don't feel much like it. To tell you the truth, now that I've told you so much of it already, I don't like Europe. I never feel as if I belonged here. I've tried hard. They all say I play excellently, but I'm not a pianist. They tell me to work with singers and look what happened. If most singers are like the one I got mixed up with, I don't want anything to do with them."

"I guess I never realised that there is so much in a musical life besides music, and I don't like the parts that aren't the music. Anyway, I don't know what to do now and I wish you'd tell me what you think."

Seymour cabled Randall to come home.

Randall stood on the pavement, looking at the house. Seymour watched him. He saw Randall's eyes turn up and down the street, confirming his first shocked reaction to the growing shabbiness of the neighborhood. Then the wondering blue eyes moved back to take in the drab front yard of the Holt house, not yet totally abandoned like its neighbors, but losing the battle with smoke and soot and the march of the town away from this district. The house itself stood out suddenly to Seymour's eyes as he saw, startled, what Randall saw: a forbidding sight.

He said, "I suppose it does look queer when you're not used to it. I just haven't realised. But nobody uses all those rooms, Ran. Mama—you know—" He threw a glance at the third-floor windows. Lily had not let them be uncovered for years. "I use the second floor, that's why it's different. Grand-mama's bedroom and the library."

"I guess you're hardly ever here."

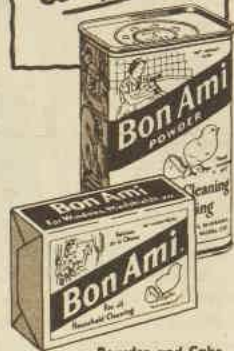
"Well—" Seymour laughed.

They began to move up the front walk. Randall appeared increasingly troubled. Seymour knew that he was watching for his mother; would the door not fly open, and she be there on

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 24, 1955




[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

# AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard

## Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

<p><b>ARIES</b> The Ram MARCH 21—APRIL 19</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Best days are August 24 and 27. Wear a mauve beret or jumper, or an amethyst piece of costume jewellery if you want success in money.</p>	<p>★ Now is the right moment to seek a new job or make requests to the boss. Plenty of hard work and more responsibility may shortly be your portion, but you can take it.</p>	<p>★ So you're going to tear into that house or flat and turn it upside down. Trying to accomplish a dozen things at once, you will probably land in a fearful mess.</p>	<p>★ Working side by side with the one you love towards an ambition which concerns you both should make for companionship. Young marrieds especially favored.</p>	<p>★ You may be asked to contribute your services for a good cause and enjoy the fun. In some cases appointment to an important committee will carry social prestige.</p>
<p><b>TAURUS</b> The Bull APRIL 21—MAY 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Best days are August 24 and 26. Wear a green frock or jumper by day, and filmy green with a touch of blue for evening romantic glamor.</p>	<p>★ That element of luck may carry you farther than sheer merit. You may happen to be on the spot, possess qualifications, or chance to step into a suitable niche.</p>	<p>★ If a teenager, you may decide to invite your friends to a record session; if a bit older, the boyfriend may come to tea. Married couples entertain at home.</p>	<p>★ Stepping out and going gay, why not? And if you're young and fancy free you may meet the future partner of your joys and sorrows at a dance or theatre party.</p>	<p>★ Almost a hectic period with a wave of invitations, big events, admission to a charmed circle that has long fascinated you. If young, popularity with the opposite sex.</p>
<p><b>GEMINI</b> The Twins MAY 21—JUNE 21</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 8. Best days are August 23 and 25. Wear charcoal-grey, black and white, or all black accented with silver or maroon ornaments at home.</p>	<p>★ If a homemaker, there is lots of scope for giving the old homestead a face-lift. If a house-hunter, you are likely to find something close to ideal.</p>	<p>★ Your sign is not famous for staying put, but home is likely to be the setting for most of your activities. You are apt to concentrate on one project only.</p>	<p>★ Perhaps you and the one you love would rather sit in the living-room and hold hands before the fire, after all, you do not need a crowd in order to be happy.</p>	<p>★ Informal occasions contribute to sociability, but for the moment important occasions appear to be few. For older folk a working-bee may be held in your home.</p>
<p><b>CANCER</b> The Crab JUNE 22—JULY 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Best days are August 23 and 25. Navy-blue with white scarf, collar, or belt will be lucky for shopping trips or short journeys.</p>	<p>★ Should your work take you into another department, you are certain to enjoy the change. Many errands of a business nature may keep you dashing around.</p>	<p>★ Shut the door and off for the day. You may be chasing a bargain in furnishings for the home or a gadget, or learning some new domestic method.</p>	<p>★ Better accept that invitation to a place you've never visited before, where you become acquainted with a different sort of life, in a different neighborhood.</p>	<p>★ If you are a member of a study group much of your social life may be connected with it. Group expeditions, also correspondence, keep you busy.</p>
<p><b>LEO</b> The Lion JULY 23—AUGUST 23</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 2. Best days are August 24 and 26. Parchment, string color, sunburned shades, especially in blouse or jumper, show a business profit.</p>	<p>★ Out in the market-place you should be fortunate this week. Whether you buy or sell goods or services, you are likely to show a substantial profit on any deal.</p>	<p>★ When you choose, you can be quite practical. You may devise an ingenious method of getting over a domestic problem that would challenge anybody.</p>	<p>★ Saving money for a big splash later on, or recently engaged and eager to see that future home in prospect? In some cases older marrieds are economizing.</p>	<p>★ Called upon to handle the funds of some organization or to head a finance committee, you should be able to acquit yourself with credit. Others come to an agreement.</p>
<p><b>VIRGO</b> The Virgin AUGUST 23—SEPTEMBER 23</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 4. Best days are August 23 and 25. Wear odd patterns, rough textures, unusual color combinations, and be a successful leader.</p>	<p>★ Exercise that quiet, unassuming personality with associates in your work, and you'll find your influence extending far beyond your anticipations.</p>	<p>★ Through your home as well as in your dress you express your personality, and since you have instinctive good taste, you will show it in your surroundings.</p>	<p>★ Romance right on your doorstep, and perhaps you overlooked it for that reason? If you're in love with her, ask her, and if he's your favorite date, consider him.</p>	<p>★ You can choose freely among many diversions. You can choose the people to be asked and the kind of entertainment to be provided, so it's up to you.</p>
<p><b>LIBRA</b> The Balance SEPTEMBER 24—OCTOBER 23</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 7. Best days are August 24 and 26. A little bunch of violets on your blue frock or costume and look dignified and charming.</p>	<p>★ Never mind who collects the kudos so long as you cash in on the £ s. d. Keep a careful glance on your balance sheet or bank book; it's one of your best friends.</p>	<p>★ After all, home is a place of refuge if the outside world has turned a cold shoulder to your aspirations. This is good for over-strained nerves.</p>	<p>★ If a teenager you may be in the throes of hero worship for a celebrity or older person you admire from afar. If older, you are in the first stages of a love affair.</p>	<p>★ Plans may be made in secret, possibly with the idea of excluding a certain person, or there may be a whispering campaign going on. You will be glad later if you steer clear.</p>
<p><b>SCORPIO</b> The Scorpion OCTOBER 24—NOVEMBER 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Best days are August 23 and 27. Mid-blue, saxe-blue, particularly if accompanied by a touch of rose, attract romantic admiration.</p>	<p>★ Keep social contacts in good repair, for inside information, having a friend at court, or personal influence of any kind may help. Social affairs lead to business.</p>	<p>★ Since home at present can't compete with other attractions you may look on it as just a place to sleep or an address for your mail. This state of affairs is temporary.</p>	<p>★ Outwardly just good pals, probably along with a whole group of friends, but inwardly you may be watching him like a hawk waiting to see if you are sought after.</p>	<p>★ Hail fellow well met, with many people coming and going, but few of anything more than temporary importance. Plenty of sociability, which leaves no mark.</p>
<p><b>SAGITTARIUS</b> The Archer NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Best days are August 25 and 28. Wood or cocoa-brown, tan accessories are excellent by day, with golden-yellow gleaming at night.</p>	<p>★ A wise investment could be made in prestige whether personal or for some organization. It will pay dividends later; at times one must spend to make money.</p>	<p>★ In some cases shifts to a new locality. In others, minor building operations or alterations. Financial matters connected with property may be discussed.</p>	<p>★ As a wedding or engagement party may be in the offing, a new friend could blossom on your social landscape and change quite a few of your ordinary interests.</p>	<p>★ Lively times, especially good for staff club balls and semi-public occasions. Drama may be the subject of concentration, you may feel a good impression is important.</p>
<p><b>CAPRICORN</b> The Goat DECEMBER 21—JANUARY 19</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Best days are August 26 and 28. A white flower added to any sombre-colored frock or costume will impress with your sophistication.</p>	<p>★ If you're a student preparing for a better job, the next two months may be most important. Candidates for examinations should waste as little time as possible.</p>	<p>★ If you have a garden you may be taken up with it, and derive much satisfaction from plans for the future. Many of you may be home alone more than usual.</p>	<p>★ If married, you may both go on a short journey or spend a weekend in a new place. If young, you may be a member of a house-party. The opposite sex may be friendly.</p>	<p>★ Intellectual amusements such as serious plays or concerts may be preferred to lighter stuff. If you belong to a choral society, a drama group, you may be a performer.</p>
<p><b>AQUARIUS</b> The Waterbearer JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 18</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Best days are August 28 and 29. Bright green will carry you safely through any situation, and an unusual belt will be favorable to your hopes.</p>	<p>★ Get-rich-quick schemes are a will-of-the-wisp which can lead to financial catastrophes. Stick to tried, conservative methods and at least you can't lose. Do not borrow.</p>	<p>★ The last payment on a mortgage or a hire-purchase contract may be cause for rejoicing. The purchasing of labor-saving equipment for the home is also well aspected.</p>	<p>★ Is there a clash of temperaments, or do you and the beloved start off serenely on an evening but end up in a storm? If so, refuse to fight or break it on.</p>	<p>★ Should you take an unpopular stand sticking to your own opinion you'll pay the penalty of being overruled, yet feel pleased that you obeyed your conscience.</p>
<p><b>PISCES</b> The Fish FEBRUARY 19—MARCH 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Best days are August 28 and 29. All materials that glitter, shining surfaces that catch the light, also tangerine shades bring happiness.</p>	<p>★ Co-operate with others on the job. If you play the lone wolf you'll be unpopular and misunderstood. Try not to worry others with impractical ideas or theories.</p>	<p>★ Married folk are likely to be making plans for holiday accommodation or for vacation trips for the children. Home is to see more visitors and entertaining.</p>	<p>★ Wedding bells for engaged couples, an addition to the family among young marrieds, far more social activity for older couples should make this week enjoyable.</p>	<p>★ All the fun of the fair. For you the social whirl should be in full swing, with emphasis on dancing, party-going, mildly romantic adventures, and the lighter side.</p>

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the steps? Seymour explained quietly why not.

"She hasn't been downstairs since—well, you know when. It was long before you went away. She's terribly excited about your coming—more than is good for her, I'm afraid. But even that wouldn't be likely to bring her downstairs."

He was opening the front door with his latchkey. The entrance hall was very dark. Seymour apologised, lighting the gas. "I don't leave a light burning," he explained. "You can see why... dangerous..."

They stood at the foot of the stairs, and though Randall knew he ought to hurry straight up to his mother, he hesitated with his foot on the bottom step. His face was very troubled.

"Say, Ran," said Seymour behind him. Randall heard uneasiness in his voice. "I guess I ought to tell you. It's meant to be a surprise, of course, but between you and me it will be a—shock, to say the least. You'll carry it off better if you know. Don't blame me, anyway. Mama has bought you a piano."

"A what?" Randall let go the stair-rail and pressed his hands to his head. "Brother, you aren't serious!"

"I am."

"But the place is full of—"

Randall stood with his mouth open.

"Oh, I know," said Seymour miserably. "She bought a concert grand for you, the finest piano in the world, she says. And she put the one from the drawing-room up in her room so you can play for her sometimes."

"Where did she get the money?"

"Sold her engagement ring."

"And you let her do it? You let them deliver the thing?"

"I was away cruising on a new boat."

"Oh, no," said Randall wretchedly. "What on earth shall we do?"

"Nothing," said Seymour. "I talked to the doctor about it. He says if we're going to carry out this idea we've really got to do it. She's so happy about you, she thinks—"

Randall shuddered and passed his hand across his eyes. In the dim light Seymour saw that he was pale. "Horrible," he said again.

"It is," said Seymour. "It's one of those things you start without knowing how you're going to finish. Now we have no choice, we've simply got to keep on fooling her about you."

He saw Randall wince again. "I mean," he added, "let her believe whatever she wants to believe."

Randall said, "This is pretty hard on me, isn't it?" His face was drawn.

Seymour made a sad attempt at a smile.

"I'll help, Ran, believe me. There'll be lots of ways I can help. If you'll just do something at least on the fringe of what she believes—"

"Oh, I will. Of course I will. It'll take a little while to work it out." Randall turned and started up the rest of the stairs. At the top he asked in a sharp tone, "Why is the house so empty? Where are the servants?"

"Why—you know all that. I wrote you."

"Oh. Did you?"

"Why, yes. What did I want with them, Ran? Mrs. Gerrity lives on the third floor with Mama and cooks for her there in a little kitchen I fixed up. I let them all go, somebody just comes in to clean."

"I see." Randall went on towards the next flight of stairs. Seymour looked up at his bowed, drooping shoulders. "It's all right," he called. "You can dine with me at the Club."

"When you're there," said Randall from the landing.

He was unnerved by every aspect of his homecoming. The

Continuing . . . .

## My Brother's Keeper

from page 48

minutes dragged while he stood there in the dark hall, painfully conscious of the few steps to his mother's door. He heard murmurs and muffled noises in the room beyond; then the door opened and his mother stood there holding out her arms.

"My boy! My wonderful boy!"

"Mama dear. How good to see you." The slight body in his arms was draped in nondescript shawls and veils, the blank, pale face framed in queerly colorless hair. Randall tried for an instant to get a good look at Lily's face, but there was too little light in the dim room. Everything ran into a dark blur, the tomblike pieces of walnut and rosewood furniture, the heavy bed, the chairs and divan strewn with boxes, baskets, pictures, papers, ribbons and laces and slippers and clothing; the piano in the farthest corner by the heavy drawn curtains. She had opened the piano and raised its lid; Randall hid his grimace of revulsion by bending to kiss his mother.

"Wonderful!" she crooned. "Oh, darling Randall, how wonderful you are! You can't imagine how proud I am."

"It's nothing, Mama," he said, wishing she could know how much he meant it. "I haven't really done anything."

Lily laughed her tinkling, baby's laugh. "Don't be silly, now!" She chided him with a wavering forefinger. "Don't think I haven't hung on every moment of it!" She turned and made an unsteady dive for a shabby leather box tucked inside the pillows on her bed. "See!" she said, lifting and caressing the worn mass of his letters in the box, "just see how I've treasured these. You were so good, darling, so good to me. Such wonderful letters."

She bent over the bed, handling and smoothing and folding the letters, murmuring to herself and visibly fading back into the mist in which she lived. She had forgotten that Randall was there. He stood hesitating, wondering what to do and whether he could slip away. He moved quietly to the door, but it swung open before he reached it, and a stout, authoritative woman came in, carrying a small tray with a glass and spoon on it.

"Well!" she said, too loudly for Randall's nerves. "Here we are! Now ain't it grand to have your famous boy home again, Ma'm?"

"Wha—why—" Randall watched his mother drift back to the scene. "Oh!" she exclaimed shrilly, "oh, yes! Wonderful. Randall, come here, look. It's here, you see, I had it brought up here." She clung to his arm, looking up into his face with her queer pleading eyes. "Didn't you see it?" She pulled him towards the piano in the corner.

"I—of course, Mama." He tried to speak heartily. "I was just too wrapped up in you to notice it at first. Yes, it's fine."

He stopped uncomfortably. "Ah, the grand surprise," said Mrs. Gerrity's heavy voice. "Yes," said Lily, with hectic eagerness. "Of course you haven't seen it, you ran straight upstairs to me, didn't you? But wait till you see it, just wait!"

"What, Mama?"

"My surprise! Downstairs in the drawing-room, darling, oh, I'm so proud of you and they said it's the finest one they ever made and Paderewski was trying to buy it, oh, Randall, you'll love it, so, and when you aren't practising for your concerts I thought you'd play to me here sometimes, it's really the best, they said, the best one they ever—"

Randall saw the sign in Mrs. Gerrity's spectacled eye.

"It's fine," he said lamely.

"Just fine. I don't know how to thank you—"

"You haven't seen it yet! You must go and see it. Try it."

"Yes, of course, I'm going." He drew a breath, hoping for courage or the chance that he might say the right thing, and said, "Don't you want to come and see it with me, Mama?" He put his arm gently round her shoulders.

"I?" Lily shrank back, her face puckering and crinkling, her eyes clouding. "Why—oh," she breathed, looking round the dark clutter of her room and putting her wavering hands to her face, "oh—you see—I couldn't do that!" She turned to a chair and began pawing through the mess strewn over it. "I have so much to do, you see, I wanted to get everything ready—" Her voice trailed away in mutters.

Randall turned slowly away. The nurse gave him a signal with a tilt of her grey head, and he left the room and went in search of Seymour.

The library was a reassuring relief. Seymour was working at his desk. When Randall

—what can you say?—so far gone already it couldn't make any difference."

"Doctor Slade says not. He says the shock if such people are jolted out of their illusions, or their obsessions, can be very dangerous. They're all right so long as you let them pretend what they want. The main idea is to keep them occupied, you see. Mama thinks she is terribly busy now that you're an important musical figure and will be giving concerts and all that."

Randall shuddered. "It's horrible. And all these pianos. When you think about the past and those—Brother, are those others still down in the cellar?" Randall watched Seymour's face closely. A cold, shuttered expression seemed to close down on it.

"Well, I suppose so."

"Well, let's get rid of them. At least we can make that much sense, don't you think so? They're worthless, you know that."

"Not altogether. They're full of copper wire and steel tuning pins and stuff I could use."

"Oh. Do you still make ship models?"

Seymour's brows drew to-



came in he sat back, put down his slide-rule and pencil and took off his spectacles. He laid them down, rubbing his eyes and studying Randall's face. Randall sat down slowly and said, "See here, you haven't got a drop of brandy or something, have you?"

"Of course I have. Good idea, too."

Seymour rose and went to a cabinet for a decanter and glasses. Randall sat silent, too shaken to try to throw off his distress. Staring at nothing in particular, he noticed the spectacles that Seymour had taken off. Their lenses were extremely thick and so heavy that the gold frames were a peculiar shape in order to hold them. Seymour came over to sit opposite Randall, handing him a pony of cognac. Randall looked at him closely; his eyes appeared blank, exhausted.

"What kind of glasses are those, Brother?" Randall's tone was uneasy.

Seymour shrugged. "Nothing special. Lots of people use them for close work, you know. Tables and blueprints . . . how do you find Mama, Ran?"

Randall answered slowly, "It's awful, Brother. She's simply—well—she's—"

"But you know that. She'd been going that way long before you went to Europe."

"Yes. It's harder to believe when you haven't been with her, though."

"It must be."

Randall winced. Perhaps Seymour did not mean that as it sounded. "I don't quite understand why it's necessary to do all this fooling her," he said. "I should think she's so

gether. He said, "Sometimes I want to work a thing out with my hands instead of on paper . . ."

His tone warned Randall to drop the subject, and Randall sat wondering why. He had sensed that something was being hidden from him. Seymour had changed very much in the years of Randall's absence; so had Randall himself. Each looked it and felt it and saw it in the other. They were silent. Randall looked at Seymour and thought, "He must be a devil with women," and Seymour thought, "The kid hasn't changed enough; he'll always be too easy to hurt."

Late on a December afternoon, Seymour came slowly down the steps of a brownstone house on Murray Hill. His face was almost hidden between the fur collar of his overcoat, wrapped high against the bitter cold, and his hat pulled over his forehead. He walked down Madison Avenue, watching for a hansom, but without much sense of urgency or actually of reality.

Nothing seemed real except the total blackness of the room he had just left, the soundlessness of the dark, the loud breathing of the man who sat so close to him, knees almost touching, eye-to-eye but for the barrier of clicking black instruments. Because his hands lay clasped in his lap Seymour had chanced to feel his own wildly irregular pulse. This is nothing new, he told himself, you know all about it by now, don't be surprised, don't let him take you by surprise. That's not the

way to meet it. Don't let yourself be surprised.

And it was no surprise. He heard what he had been told before—was the last time four months ago? Six months the time before? Don't be surprised. He can't surprise you. He could not, indeed, for his words were only continuations of what he had said all those times before. "Progressive . . . some change in condition, Mr. Holt, but not as I had hoped . . . very desirable to eliminate precision focusing . . . strongly advise you . . . result of consultation . . . Germany if you wish, but . . ."

"Have you any way of knowing how long?" Seymour asked. His voice was firm and cold.

"That depends largely upon you. If you could change your work entirely, eliminate all close application— indefinite time, possibly. Quite possibly."

And what, Seymour could have cried aloud had he not sealed the channels of expression, am I to do? What shall I become? I know the devil who is part of me, who will not hang meek upon this cross. What will he do when you take away my work and leave me idle in that house? Must I explain—how shall I explain—to my weak and helpless ones?

He walked faster, bending his head to break the impact of the freezing air. He forgot to look for a cab and he forgot, too, that he had meant to take the street-car.

Presently he forgot that he had meant to go home. He walked very fast, stepping off each curb to cross the street without a glance in either direction. At Thirtieth Street he paused and turned eastward and walked until he came to the lights and the warm, sour smell and raucous laughter of a corner saloon.

After his third whisky he asked the bartender if there was a boy about who could run an errand. There was, and Seymour scribbled a note on a leaf from his pocket notebook.

"Here," he said, giving the boy half a dollar, "take this to Lexington Avenue. Montagu Apartments, Miss Florrie La Brea. Personally, understand?" He leaned on the bar again.

Mrs. Gerrity more than anyone kept up the pretence about Randall, because it kept her patient occupied. Only the vaguest suggestion sufficed to satisfy Lily and start her off on a time-consuming fantasy woven round Randall's increasing distinction and importance, the number of his engagements, and the scope of his repertoire.

When Lily began to fuss in the belief that Randall would make his New York debut at a Carnegie Hall recital before the season was over, Mrs. Gerrity diverted her attention by interesting her in clothes. Sure, she must be getting her wardrobe ready if she was to start going to concerts!

Mrs. Gerrity brought in an old seamstress who was a friend of hers, in whose wake there came dressmakers' dummies, fashion-plate albums, and other paraphernalia. Since Lily had never in her life thrown anything away, trunks were found full of debutante and bridal finery, the remodelling of which was strung out for many weeks. This absorbed her as the making of new clothes could never have done.

It was a frightening situation, heavy with the portent of an ominous ending, but the brothers did not know what else to do. Randall sensed that the worst had happened when Seymour, after several evenings of evasive and brooding silence, broke the bad news.

"You understand, Ran," he said. "She pushed me awfully hard and I did ask Doctor Slade what I'd better say. He said there was nothing else to do.

He told me to tell her you will play at Carnegie Hall and let her muddle along thinking she's getting ready for it."

"Lord Almighty, what a mess."

"I hope not. It's very hard on you and I'm sorry—but we've just got to hope we can get by with it."

"Did you have to tell her a date?"

"Yes. She got pretty excited and insistent, that's always the danger line. So I told her the twenty-sixth of February—I don't know why. I just plunged."

"About three weeks from now," said Randall, feeling a sick twinge. "This is worse than if it were really so."

"You're awfully good about it, Kid," Seymour gave him a pathetic smile. "I feel as if—as if I've got an awful lot to make up to you for. I'm sorry about pushing such a burden on to you, Ran—"

"Oh, that's nothing, Brother." Randall's blue eyes glistened suddenly. "Forget it. I really am worried about Mama, though. She'll probably insist on making all sorts of plans."

"Oh, she will Slade says that. He's got other cases very like this one. He told me about old Mrs. Mattingley up on Fifth Avenue. She still gives her annual ball and her series of dinners, just as she used to do before she—before her mind failed. They go through all the preparations and arrangements—only of course nothing really gets done. They just treat her the way we do Mama."

Only because he knew this could Randall endure watching his mother's preparations for his "recital." She spent days on end choosing the guests who were to sit in her box. Two of the five were dead, but Lily had no idea of it. When at last she had written and recopied the notes of invitation, she gave them to Seymour to post and he locked them away in his desk.

Over and over she repeated her other wishes to Seymour: exactly what sort of carriage and what color horses she wanted from Grogan's Livery Stables (which had been gone from Ninth Avenue for years). She decided upon every part of her costume, but each day she changed her mind and had the question to decide all over again. It was when she began to talk about a small reception for Randall after the concert that Seymour became so alarmed that he consulted Doctor Slade once more.

"That's not the most difficult part," said the doctor. "Let her go as far as she likes about arrangements, provided you can intercept them. Let her get all ready the evening of the 'concert.' Give her her head. When she is ready to go out—I think it more than possible that she may go into a maze at that point and actually refuse to leave her room."

"Are you counting on that?" asked Seymour sharply.

"No, that would be rash. I only think it might happen. But if it does not, and she really insists on going out, then Mrs. Gerrity is to give her a warm tonic drink, telling her she needs it to keep up her strength for the evening. Of course the 'tonic'—he raised his eyebrows significantly. "You need not worry about that, Mr. Holt. The sedative will be fast-acting as well as strong. When she wakes up the next day she will not remember any details at all. In fact she will probably be very happy, full of pride about the concert. It will keep her content for a long time."

Randall was miserable when the moment came actually to put on his loathed full-dress clothes and go through the ghastly farce of saying good-night to his mother before leaving for Carnegie Hall.

"You must be early, darling,

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Continuing . . . .

## My Brother's Keeper

from page 50

not too early, but in plenty of time to warm your hands," Lily tried to press upon him an old seal-skin muff in which to put his hands while driving uptown. "Nobody would see it," she pleaded, stroking his arm. "Please, darling." Randall thought it more realistic to refuse, but Seymour coming into the room gave him the flick of an eye, and Randall took the moth-eaten old thing and, under excuse of nervousness about the concert, cut his good-night short. His mother clung to him and Randall had to force himself to kiss her "one last time, for luck."

He escaped at last from the room and by pre-arrangement with Seymour went straight downstairs.

Seymour had ordered a cab for Randall in case Lily should stand listening, which would be typical of her, for him to drive away. It had begun to snow heavily that morning, and now the streets were so thickly blanketed that a horse's hoofs could not be heard. So Seymour decided that it was unnecessary to order a second carriage for his mother's fictitious trip to Carnegie Hall. Once she was quiet for the night, he planned to pick up a hansom and hurry out to his club to join Randall for dinner.

The suspense became almost intolerable during the long hour that it took Lily and Mrs. Gerrity to get her dressed. Seymour paced the library, worrying about a slip in the doctor's plan, worrying, with sudden panicky afterthought, what he should do if his mother in the morning should demand to see the newspapers with the critics' reviews of Randall's debut. Why had he not thought of this sooner?—but what could he have done if he had?

At that moment his mother's door opened upstairs and she called in her high, whining voice, "Are you ready, Seymour? Is it time?"

He went out to the hall and looked up the stairs at his mother standing inside the open doorway of her room. He said, "Yes, Mama, I'm coming," and went back to the library and poured a stiff drink and gulped it. Then he went upstairs.

"Is the carriage here, Seymour?" His mother was standing before her glass, arranging and re-arranging an ostrich boa round her shoulders. Her face was twitching with strain and her eyes looked like pieces of cracked glass.

"In a minute, Mama. There's lots of time, it's really too early."

He looked uneasily at Mrs.

Gerrity, who was more expert than he at judging his mother's condition and anticipating her actions. Would Lily want to leave her room at the end, or would she refuse? Mrs. Gerrity's heavy face was set and forbidding. Apparently she had no doubt that his mother really meant to go out.

This would be his signal to slip away and wait in the library until Mrs. Gerrity should have induced his mother to drink her hot broth or milk or whatever it was, and soon thereafter report that the drug had taken effect. "She'll drink it more willin', sir, if you've just told her it's too soon to go out and you'll be waitin' a while yet."

The minutes crawled by. Seymour stood by the library door with his watch in his hand. Until the actual beginning of this evening's horrible comedy he had felt it could be carried off. Now he was squeamish with apprehension. It was a cold night and the room certainly not overheated, but Seymour felt the sweat breaking out on his forehead and damping the palms of his hands. He swallowed again and again, listening miserably for some sound upstairs which would tell him how things were going. Then he became acutely uncomfortable. Tension and fear had their natural effect, and Seymour hurried to the water-closet at the far end of the hall, next door to the bathroom.

Upstairs Lily ran, weaving and fluttering, from her mirror to the door to the thickly curtained window, where she listened for her arriving carriage, back to the door again. Actually to pass through the doorway and go out to the hall was the great obstacle which her confused mind had not yet rallied the resolution to surmount.

Several times she put out her stick-like hand, shaking in its crumpled long glove, and touched the door-knob; then she drew back with a shiver. She had no notion of time and could not tell how long this suspense had dragged out; to her it seemed hours, but actually it was only the few minutes while Mrs. Gerrity in the kitchenette waited for a small saucepan to boil. Lily had forgotten about her and the drink she was preparing.

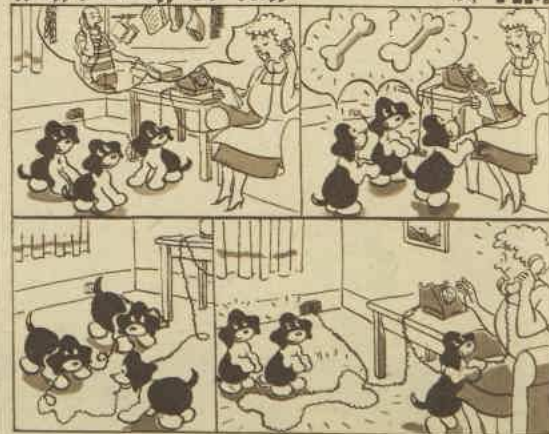
Suddenly Lily grasped the door-knob, turned it, and smothering a gasp of fright forced herself to step out to the hall. She paused there. The library door stood open

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FOR THE CHILDREN

**Wuff, Snuff & Tuff**

by TIM





downstairs; she could see the light from the room. She called Seymour and heard no answer.

"Seymour!" she called again, but not much louder. She had succumbed to a flash of uncan- nym suspicion. When there was no answer to her second call she stood terror-stricken at the top of the stairs. Then she seized her ruffled train in one hand and the banister in the other and pattered softly down the stairs. Her fear of the halls and the stairs and the world outside her own room was swept aside by her greater fear of what they might be doing to her. Where was Seymour? Where was the carriage?

In the second floor hall she paused, peered into the empty library and again bleated "Seymour!" All she heard was a noise of running water, which had no meaning to her. Seymour must be downstairs. She ran down the next flight; once on her way panic overrode everything else. Driven by frenzy she swept through the house. Where was Seymour, what was happening? Lily stood in the dark, draughty front hall, staring at her reflection in the old hat-rack mirror by the flickering light of the single gas-jet.

"Seymour!" she cried again softly, for now she was cunningly intent that Mrs. Gerrity should not hear her. There was no answer. From the mirror there stared at Lily a grey, ghastly face. For a moment she peered at it. Then she pointed, she saw the trembling arm go up, the loose kid glove flopping round it.

"Ashamed!" she moaned. "They're ashamed. They don't mean to take you to Randall's concert."

She paused. Then she cried, "No! Seymour!" and turned like a snake to the front door. She opened it and was out on the snow-covered stoop. She peered down the walk, looking for the carriage. I'm too far, she thought, I can't see from here. I must go closer. Grasping her long train in both hands she slithered down the buried steps, plunged and stumbled to the gate. There was no car-

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## My Brother's Keeper

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riage at the kerb. There was not a living thing in sight. There was not a sound.

"Seymour!" she screamed now, forgetting Mrs. Gerrity. "Where's my carriage? Where are you?" She looked right and left, up and down the street. She began to waver on her feet, whining and mewling. "My carriage. Grogan's carriage, my concert, my baby, I'll be late, what are they doing . . . All the while she was running, weaving and floundering through the deep snow.

"Ninth Avenue," she gasped, bringing up great groans from her exhausted lungs. "Grogan's Ninth Avenue, why haven't they sent my carriage, how dare they, what's . . . where's . . . stables how can they . . . stables I'm going . . . carriage two bay horses . . . Randall

An instinct to take cover must have seized her as her legs gave out, for when Seymour and Mrs. Gerrity, shouting and pounding through the street, found her a little later she was lying in an araway half buried in a drift of snow.

When Lily died of pneumonia a week later Randall was in a state of collapse. All alone Seymour dragged through six haunted days, drowning in self-condemnation, wretched, sometimes envying Randall the profound lethargy which had followed his single terrifying burst of hysteria as he left his mother's deathbed.

He had gone quite wild, screaming at Seymour, beating and clawing the air, sobbing, "You killed her, you knew it would kill her, you and that murderer of a doctor, you let her die . . ."

"I didn't, Ran. We didn't," Seymour tried to put his arm round Randall's shoulder, tried to grasp his flailing hands. He looked helplessly at Slade, who stood at the window measuring a dose of some drug into a hypodermic syringe. The doctor came over to Randall, who tried to fight him off, while Seymour said, "Please, Ran.

I'm suffering too. Have pity on me. I was only trying to do the best thing, trying to keep her going. Listen to the doctor."

Randall said, "No, no, send him away, I won't listen." But it was only a few minutes until he turned slack and apathetic and the doctor treated him and told Seymour to keep him in bed and not allow him to go to the funeral.

Seymour decided not to let notice of his mother's death be published until after her funeral. Alone he rode in the single shrouded black carriage to the burial-place in Brook-

"A true friend un- bosoms freely, advises justly, assists readily, takes all patiently, de- fends courageously, and continues a friend unchangeably."

— William Penn

lyn. Alone he stood in the smired hideous black granite shafts marking the graves of the Holts for a century past. Names and the dim grey faces which had belonged to them, many Holts, and Whetstone and Jones and Seymour and Randall, wives condemned to lives more awful than their awful deaths . . . are we damned, thought Seymour, against the obbligate of the clergyman's perfunctory murmuring, are we all damned? I too, my brother, are we damned? Do we live, do we live in any sense, or will we die more awfully than these?

Warned by that moment of dreadful prescience, as if sway- ing on the brink of a forbidding but irresistible gulf, Seymour pulled himself together within a few days and decided to tackle the warren which his mother's

years of occupation had made on the third floor.

Randall was still lethargic, and had rested quietly in bed for several days past. Leaving him asleep in the early afternoon, Seymour went up- stairs. He opened the door of his mother's room and lighted the feeble gas-jet hanging over the marble-topped bureau. Then he stood appalled more than ever before by the fright- ful mess and clutter. Not only where to begin, thought Sey- mour, but how?

He made his way with the greatest difficulty across the room to the windows, pushing and moving things piled up on every side to obstruct him. He must begin by baring the win- dows and airing the room; he wondered, conscious of the suffocating atmosphere, how many years since that had been done.

When he grasped the cord of the first pair of curtains the rope broke in his hand. He was standing there wondering how to reach the short end dangling far above his head, when he heard a sound be- hind him. He turned quickly, knocking over a pile of boxes. Randall stood barefoot in the doorway in his nightshirt.

"What are you doing?" he cried. His voice was shrill and grating. This was the first time he had spoken in a week.

"Why—you can see. I was about to air the room. You oughtn't to be out of bed, Ran. You'll catch cold."

"You stop that. Don't you touch anything here."

"There's nothing to be ex- cited about," Seymour said, in the most soothing tone he could manage. "Don't be so upset, Ran. I just thought I ought to get on with this—you can see we'll have to clear all this out."

"No!" Randall's blue eyes glittered. "No. You leave her poor things alone, don't you touch her things."

"But—" Seymour tried to lead him away.

"No!" Randall stood shiver-

ing. "You get out of here. You leave her things alone."

Seymour sighed. "Very well," he said softly. The immediate thing was to get Randall back to bed. "All right. Come on down- stairs, Ran. We'll just leave the room shut up for a while until you feel better."

He turned out the gas, shut and locked the door, and tenderly led Randall away.

The Rector of St. Timothy's wanted the "Stabat Mater" of Rossini sung in Holy Week.

This would mean much extra rehearsing, long hours of work with the choir, and the engage- ment of soloists from the outer darkness of the operatic and concert world. This was Ran- dall Holt's second year as as- sistant organist and choirmas- ter, in charge of the detail of preparing the choral works. He loved the job, but had no idea just how he had actually been chosen for it. Seymour took great care that he should not know, as the idea had been Doctor Slade's.

A quartet of soloists had been engaged to sing the "Stabat Mater." The two women and the tenor were from the Opera. The basso was Edward Ricker, a specialist in oratorio and sacred music. He was grossly fat, he smoked strong cigars, he should have dropped dead of gluttony. Instead he stood up and sang like the Angel Gabriel. When he was not sing- ing he sat eyeing the pretty soprano whom the Opera had recommended. Her name was Renata Tosi.

"She doesn't speak much English," the manager's as- sistant had explained, "but she's a fresh young voice, nice tex- ture, just what you want. She knows the music. We brought her over last autumn for small lyric parts and she's all right."

From the looks and gestures of Ricker and the shock-headed young Milanese tenor, Randall thought she must be more than "all right." The three appar- ently had some convulsing joke among themselves, for an aside from either man seemed enough to set the soprano's brown eyes dancing, and once Randall saw her go scarlet and hiss "Taci!"

at the tenor, who turned aside with a snicker.

The only unconcerned mem- ber of the quartet was the mezzo-soprano, a heavy, fortyish Italian woman who looked like a very good cook and, in fact, was. Between her numbers she sat like a patient cow waiting for her next cue.

Randall was sometimes em- barrassed by the air of hilarity created by all the joking. It was highly unseemly in St. Tim- othy's parish house, and he sup- posed he ought to put a stop to it at once. But he could no more have summoned the authority to do so than he could have pitched Edward Ricker through a window.

He looked forward longingly to the peaceful weeks after the Rossini, when these licentious scamps should have gone back to their lair and left him to recapture the cloistered serenity in his work which he had grown to love. He was not to be allowed that, as he learned when Renata Tosi arrived for the next rehearsal.

She was in no laughing mood, in fact she seemed upset. Her English was so limited that in her agitated state it consisted of isolated words strung be- tween streams of Italian which Randall had to overlook since he could not understand it. He could follow her, though, when she said and repeated many times: "You help, yes? You help me?"

She thrust at him a slip of pink paper which he found to be a performance-notice from the Opera, with orders to re- port in some ten days for re- hearsal. They had cast her as The Forest Bird in "Siegfried."

"Me!" She clasped her hands across her lacy throat, "I tell no, I tell impossible, why they tell Wagner for me?" She was even prettier angry than laughing, her large eyes swimming with unshed tears, her cheeks pink and her lips parted over exquisitely white teeth. She put her gloved hand on Randall's arm and pleaded, "You help, yes?"

"But what can I do?"

He found that she had been

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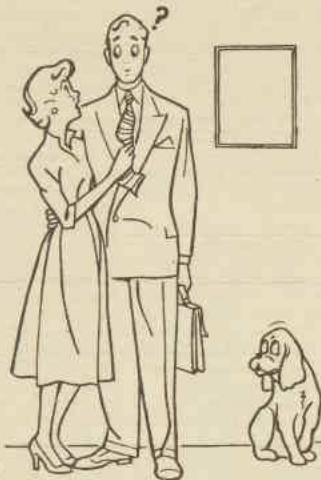
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Continuing . . . .

## My Brother's Keeper

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cast because of the manager's stubborn determination to mount a Wagner opera although he had only a few leading singers to put into it. He proposed to fill the smaller parts with anybody else and there was, indeed, no reason why not. Any lyric soprano, he said, could sing *The Bird*, and he was right.

When Tosi protested that she had never sung a note of German music, he told her to report for coaching to the German director he had hastily hired to put on his one venture into Wagner.

She retorted that she would sing the part only if she were left alone to study it—here she made eloquent, flattering gestures which Randall tried shyly to deprecate—with somebody who really knew something, a cultivated person, her own correlative who had worked in Vienna for Schalk and Mahler.

"Oh, no," Randall protested, scarlet with embarrassment. "I really—"

"No? You know well this music, eh?"

"But—but—you say you don't know any German."

"You tell me noises, I make the same like you. Such a part nobody notice what I tell. I am hidden—" she winked at him. "Must be, how is it—easy."

"Then why," blurted Randall with hopeless simplicity, "did you make all this fuss?"

"How I keep my—how you say?" She made an impatient gesture to indicate pride. "You help, yes?"

"I suppose so," he said reluctantly. They made an appointment for the morning of Easter Monday.

Like most of the operatic colony, Renata lived at the Ansonia Hotel. On the long ride in the street-car up Broadway from Twenty-third Street to Seventy-third, Randall had plenty of time in which to wonder just what he was letting himself in for. There was an air of alarming frivolity about Signorina Tosi. Against his will he thought uneasily about Seymour's remarks an hour ago.

They had left the house together, which was unusual, for Randall ordinarily did not go out in the mornings. He had drifted into the habit of making breakfast for Seymour and himself, since charwomen's coffee was undrinkable and their slovenliness a hateful setting in which to begin the day. After breakfast Randall usually practised for a couple of hours before going over to St. Timothy's to work at the organ there. So today when he started out with Seymour to walk to the street-car, it had been only natural to explain his errand. Seymour thought it a fine idea.

"Is she pretty?" he asked, swinging his cane and smiling as if at some unspoken joke. His grey eyes were unusually lively behind his gold-rimmed pince-nez attached to an elegant black silk cord. He was certainly a figure of a man, thought Randall. He answered, "Why—yes, I suppose so."

"Suppose? Don't you know?"

"Yes. She is very pretty."

"Aha. That's better. What else has she got?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you tell me she's young and pretty and a bit-player modest enough so your church can hire her. But she lives at the Ansonia, Randall, dear."

"Practically all the artists live at the Ansonia," said Randall stiffly.

"Including the impetuous young beauties? How charitable of the management."

"What are you getting at?"

Randall knew irritably that he was not making a very good go of obtuseness.

"Just asking, to put it as delicately as possible, who is keeping the lady?"

"You always have such vulgar ideas!" Randall felt himself reddening and, had he possessed Seymour's vocabulary, would have cursed.

"Vulgar?" Seymour raised his hat in a mock salutation. "Here is your corner. I may be vulgar, brother dear, but realism is not necessarily the same thing. Keep your eye peeled for a hot-tempered Latin in the panelling somewhere."

Randall's knock on Renata Tosi's door was answered by an enthusiastic soprano "Avanti!" and he stepped into the room.

He heard Signorina Tosi give an exclamation, but at first he did not see her. The room was a burgeoning confusion of imitation French furniture, mused cushions, lacy curtains, fading roses, here a slipper, there a trailing mass which must be a ruffled gown. On a bamboo stand there was a small tray with a used coffee cup. There was an upright piano in the corner, carelessly piled with scores, a feathered hat, a handkerchief, a scent bottle, and an open, gold mesh handbag. Randall stood looking dumbly at the scene.

"You wait a moment?" cried Signorina Tosi from beyond a door slightly ajar. "Take a chair . . ."

While he hesitated, looking for any chair upon which something was not flung or strewn, the door in the corner opened wider, admitting a waft of scented, steamy air which informed him that there was the bath of this bed-sitting-room apartment. Behind the gilded screen in the other corner, over which something embarrassingly sheer and lacy had been flung, must be a bed.

He was standing with his hat in one hand and Siegfried in the other, wishing he had not come, when he heard a ripple of laughter and turned to see Renata Tosi, wrapped in a mass of ruffles, with her dark hair piled on top of her head in no shape at all. She must just have stepped from her bath, he thought, anxiously hoping he was not showing his embarrassment.

"You are so early arrive!" she cried. "They are only the ten o'clocks."

"But our appointment was for ten o'clock."

"I said the ten o'clocks?" she pointed a finger at herself with such comic astonishment that Randall burst into a laugh and she joined him delightedly.

"That is better," she said. "You must not give me the frighten, you make in first the face so serious. Now, first we drink a coffee, eh?"

Randall did not want the coffee and he wished he had the savoir-faire to dispense with it and get on with her lesson. She stood there smiling at his irresolution. He became increasingly uncomfortable. Up to now he had lacked the boldness of imagination to own that the very apperising creature alone with him here was obviously naked except for a ruffled peignoir, and that she saw nothing bizarre about the position at all. He had an idea that it would be better not to look at her any more, since every line of her bantering face was inviting him to do so. So he turned a little away, saying, "Haden't you better—er"

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—eh—just—I mean, wouldn't you rather I stepped out to the hall while you, ah, finish dressing?"

"Dress?" She looked down at herself as if in surprise. "Perhaps. Wait a minute." She ran to the screen in the corner and disappeared behind it. "Maybe you play me this music while you wait. Is complicated?"

"Not a bit," he said, hugely relieved. "Just like this." He played, and presently she was standing near him, very proper in a starched white blouse and a black skirt. Randall went on playing, pointing to her entrances, but she shook her head and motioned at him.

"You tell," she said. "Give me a sign. For what I read?"

"Is this the way you were taught?" he asked with asperity. "Just to sing by ear?"

Her brown eyes rounded in astonishment. "In Milano? You think we are ignorant?"

"No," he said, irritated. "Of course not. That's why I expect you to read music."

"I don't like to work," she

Continuing . . . .

## My Brother's Keeper

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said. "Read is work. Sing is nothing."

It struck him that her flippancy was assumed, that she was a good artist in spite of herself and her refusal to take her work seriously. Her voice was exquisitely fresh, more fragile than the lightest voices he had heard in Vienna, and she used it with grace and taste. She picked up *The Bird's* music in a few effortless repetitions. While she sang, repeating several times each phrase as he played it, she wandered round the room making desultory sorties at the disorder she had strewn. Some of the mess had disappeared into cupboards and drawers by the time Randall rose from the piano.

"Now about the text," he said. "Let's—"

"Now? Today? Absolutely, no."

"But—"

She chuckled him under the chin, laughing up at him like a teasing child. He flushed and stood there fuming.

"Really," he said stiffly, wish-

ing he knew how to make her ashamed of herself. Instead he succumbed to a wave of the familiar mortification which, he thought, it seemed the horrid part of singers to arouse. He turned aside, plainly annoyed, and picked up his hat.

"Very well," he said, and walked towards the door. He heard her pattering after him; did this woman never walk? Whenever she had the least purpose in view, she ran.

"Domani?" she cried gaily. "Tomorrow?"

He turned and scowled at her. "I wasn't even sure you meant to keep on," he said. "And if you do—"

"Yes?"

"You haven't done enough work today to make it worth my time to come all this way. You may not like the work, but some people are in earnest."

"Oh." She stood with her mouth a little open and her dark eyes wide with surprise. Having said it, he felt better, less a fool. He had turned the tables. He watched the faint blush of embarrassment which tinged her lively face, with its delicate bones, its slanted nostrils, and its low forehead from which the brown hair sprang so prettily. She looked like a flower on a slender stalk, her long neck wrapped in its high-boned collar.

"I'm sorry," she said slowly. "I did not see from your view."

"Oh, that's all right."

"You come again tomorrow, yes?"

"Yes, I'll be here. Shall I leave the score in case you want to look at it?"

She bit her lip, still a little uncertain, then he saw her sense of mischief flash like a lighted match. She giggled. "You really think that?" she said. "You think I study?"

"It wouldn't hurt you."

She turned her head and tapped the lobe of her ear, a well-shaped ear but large in

proportion to her small, finely modelled head.

"I learn," she said. "Believe me. I don't waste your time. I am, how is it, grateful. Lazy, perhaps, but stupid, no."

"That's all right," he said awkwardly. "I'll see you tomorrow."

She held out her hand and he took it and shook it and dropped it. Turning to leave the room, he realised he should have kissed it. He thought, am I always to be made a fool of by singers? He strode down the hotel corridor, but not fast enough to escape hearing a laughing sotto-voce from her doorway.

"Bello!" she said.

That evening at dinner at the Marine Club Seymour asked Randall how his morning had gone.

"Well enough," Randall said.

"Was it amusing?"

"I didn't go to be amused, so naturally I wasn't."

"That is not corroborated by the gleam in your eye."

"I? Gleam?"

Seymour laughed quietly. "You've been as pleased as punch about something ever since we met half an hour ago. I told you your Italian lark would turn out to be a jaybird."

"She is not 'my' Italian lark, and I don't follow you. What do you mean, jaybird?"

"A tease. A flirt. Something tells me."

"I couldn't say."

"I never saw anything like the innocence of those blue eyes. Well, you and I are both odd ducks, but not that odd. Personally, I think you've probably stumbled on to something."

Randall sighed. "Could it possibly occur to you that a woman could be a singer and not a toy?"

"It could. But in this case it wouldn't. What did she have on?"

Randall could have dived under the table to hide the

blush that swept across his face. "I've no idea," he said, making a stab at aplomb.

Desperately anxious to change the subject, he told Seymour that the roof over the rear part of their house was in need of repair. The cleaning-woman had said that considerable dampness had worked into the attic rooms during the winter. "I suppose we ought to fix it," he said.

"I suppose. But it's so futile to spend any money on that old tomb. If we start with the roof they'll tell us something else is necessary, and one thing will lead to another. You know."

"Of course. But don't you think we might as well make up our minds about the house altogether? The estate is supposed to pay for repairs, we don't have to. Are we going to stay on living in it the way it is?"

"I don't know," Seymour spoke slowly, thinking. "I've been the one who wanted to get us out of there, and I still am—in a way. But—"

Randall said nothing, and waited for Seymour to explain. Seymour said, "It's true. I've always wanted a nice small flat and we could afford one together. But I couldn't manage my share of that, and have something else that I believe I want even more."

"What is that?"

"Don't be too surprised, Ran. I really want it awfully." Seymour smiled with the wistful expression of a small boy. "I want an automobile."

"An automobile!" Randall gaped with astonishment. "Isn't an automobile dreadfully dangerous. Brother?"

Seymour laughed. "Not so dangerous as expensive, I should say. They're not a curiosity any more, Ran, lots of people have them. I want one while—"

he interrupted himself and went on eating.

"While what?"

"While they're still fairly experimental. I could buy a good automobile if—" he raised his eyebrows with another boyish smile.

"If we stayed in the house. Well, I've never been as anxious

to get out of it as you were. I don't particularly like it, but the way we've drifted into living, we're really not there very much. I'd as soon sleep and practise there as somewhere else." Randall knew that no matter where they lived he would always have the same problem, the dreary emptiness of the evenings and the meals when Seymour was engaged with his own concerns.

He said, "Well, go ahead and buy your automobile, as far as I'm concerned. I see why you can't afford anything else besides—it will take about a year's income, won't it?"

Seymour nodded. "That's just it. If we stay in the house for about a year more, I can buy my motor car now, and my salary will see me through the rest of things." He gestured at the dining-room. "It will be a tight squeeze, but—"

"I'll gladly give you some of my money," said Randall eagerly. "I never use it all up."

"I'd much rather you did use it," said Seymour with a smile. "Maybe you'll begin to one day. Well, that's settled anyway: we stay in the house. Do we spend any money on it—or ask the estate to? Frankly, I don't think it's worth it."

"But suppose the roof falls in?"

"Let's gamble that it won't for another year. After that we'll probably move, anyway."

Seymour woke late the next morning, gloomy and unrested. Without looking at his watch he knew that it must be about ten o'clock. He had a very sharp sense of time in all its phases, the result, he believed, of the fate which challenged him to get the most out of every hour and every day while he could still see. He measured all things by the tenuous span of his eyesight.

Presently he pulled himself up, sat for a few minutes accustomed his eyes to the dim light filtering about the edges of the curtains, and then swung himself out of bed. Cautiously he parted the curtains just

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## IT CAME FROM THE BIBLE

Winner of this week's award of £2/2/- for a Biblical quotation goes to Mrs. D. Mayle, 23 Estcourt Street, Terang, Victoria.

This is her entry:

"A wolf in sheep's clothing" is an unscrupulous person who is pretending to be honest or good. The words are found in St. Matthew, chapter 7, verse 15: 'Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves.'

Readers are invited to send in Biblical quotations whose frequent use has made them part of everyday language.

Entries should give the book, chapter, and verse from which each quotation comes and an example of current usage.

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ONCE you try Copha Shortening and the easy Melt'n'Mix method, you'll want to forget all other cake-making methods forever. It's so simple. And so quick! No creaming; beating time cut in half — and only one bowl to wash afterwards. You can bake so many good things with pure sweet Copha Shortening — savouries, sweets, biscuits, scones, pastries and sauces. Such a versatile shortening — and a money-saving one!



## ORANGE CAKE

A big beautiful orange cake that rivals the finest that you ever tasted! Rich and velvety textured to the last luscious crumb!

**RECIPE:** 5 ozs. sugar, 2 eggs, grated rind 1 large orange, 6 ozs. (1½ cups) self-raising flour, 1 level teaspoon salt, 3 ozs. Copha Shortening, 3 table-spoons milk.

**METHOD:** Place in basin sugar, eggs, orange rind and half sifted flour and salt. Melt "Copha" over gentle heat. It should be barely warm, not hot. Add milk to Copha. Pour liquids onto ingredients in basin. Beat 4 minutes with a rotary beater. Add remaining flour and beat 1 minute longer. Pour into a greased and floured loaf tin

(9" x 4"). Bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes. Ice when cold, with Creamy Orange Icing.

**NOTE:** Alternative cake tins — Ring Cake tin (8"), round tin (6" diameter x 3" deep).

### CREAMY ORANGE ICING:

8 ozs. icing sugar, 1 oz. Copha Shortening, 2 table-spoons orange juice.

Melt "Copha" and add orange juice. Pour onto sifted icing sugar and mix till the icing is sufficiently thick to spread on cake.

## PATTY CAKES

Everyone loves them anytime — plain for the lunch box, or prettied up for parties.

**BASIC RECIPE:** 4 oz. (½ cup) sugar, 1 egg, ½ teaspoon vanilla or grated lemon or orange rind, 5 ozs. (1½ cups) self-raising flour, ½ level teaspoon salt, 2 ozs. Copha Shortening, 4 table-spoons milk.

Place in basin, sugar, egg, flavouring and half sifted flour and salt. Melt "Copha" over

gentle heat. It should be barely warm, not hot.

Add milk to melted "Copha." Pour liquids onto ingredients in basin and beat 4 minutes.

Add remaining flour and beat 1 minute longer.

Place in greased and floured patty tins or in paper cake containers. Bake in a moderate oven 15 minutes. Ice, when cold, if desired.

## PATTY CAKE RECIPE VARIATIONS

**DATE CAKES:** Before baking, place a stoned date on each cake.

**JAM TEA CAKES:** Only half-fill patty tins with mixture, then place ½ teaspoon of jam in each. Top each with another teaspoonful of the cake mixture and sprinkle with coconut before baking.

**LEMON TOPS:** Use lemon rind as flavouring in cake mixture. Cut a small round from the top of each baked cake and fill with Lemon Cheese. Replace top and sprinkle with icing sugar before serving.

**POP CORN CUP CAKES:** Ice the cooled cakes with thin icing and decorate with coloured pop corn.

**BLUSH CAKES:** Colour cake mixture pale pink before baking. Frost with pink frosting and decorate with chocolate sprinkles or grated chocolate.

**APPLE CAKES:** Top unbaked cakes with one or two wafer-thin slices of raw apple. Sprinkle with a little cinnamon-flavoured sugar.



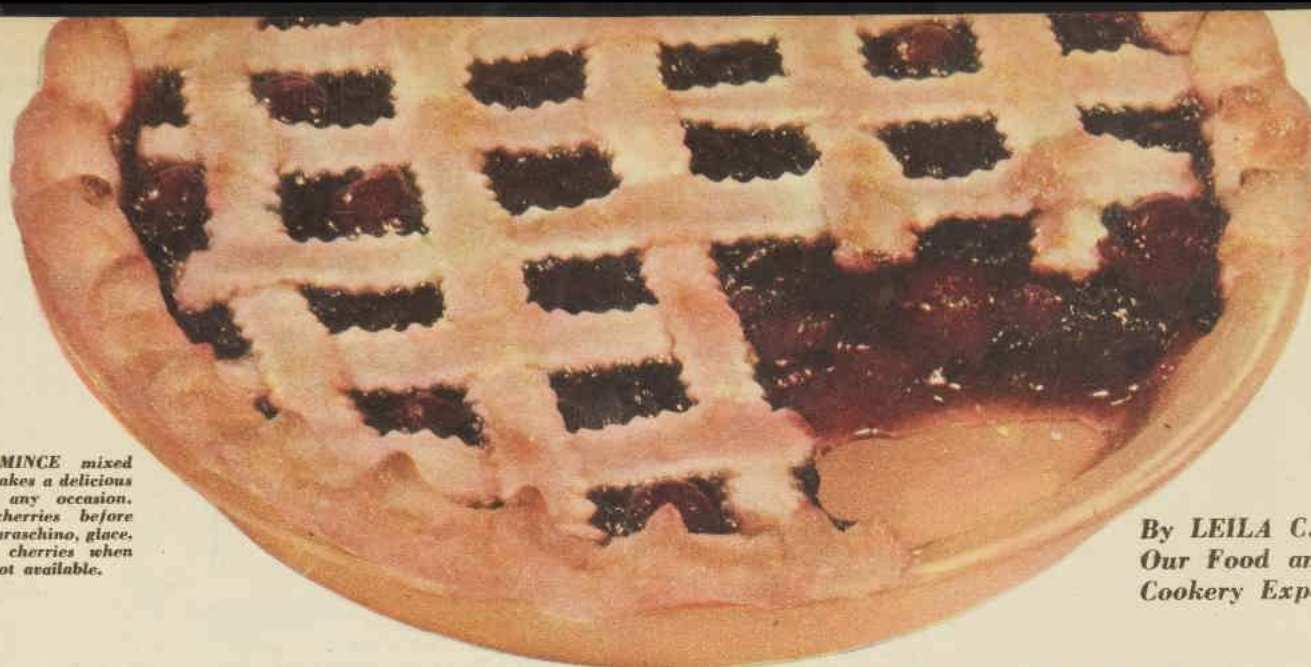
See Betty King's "NEW RECIPES" for lots more exciting things to make.

Co.39.WWFFC

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 24, 1955



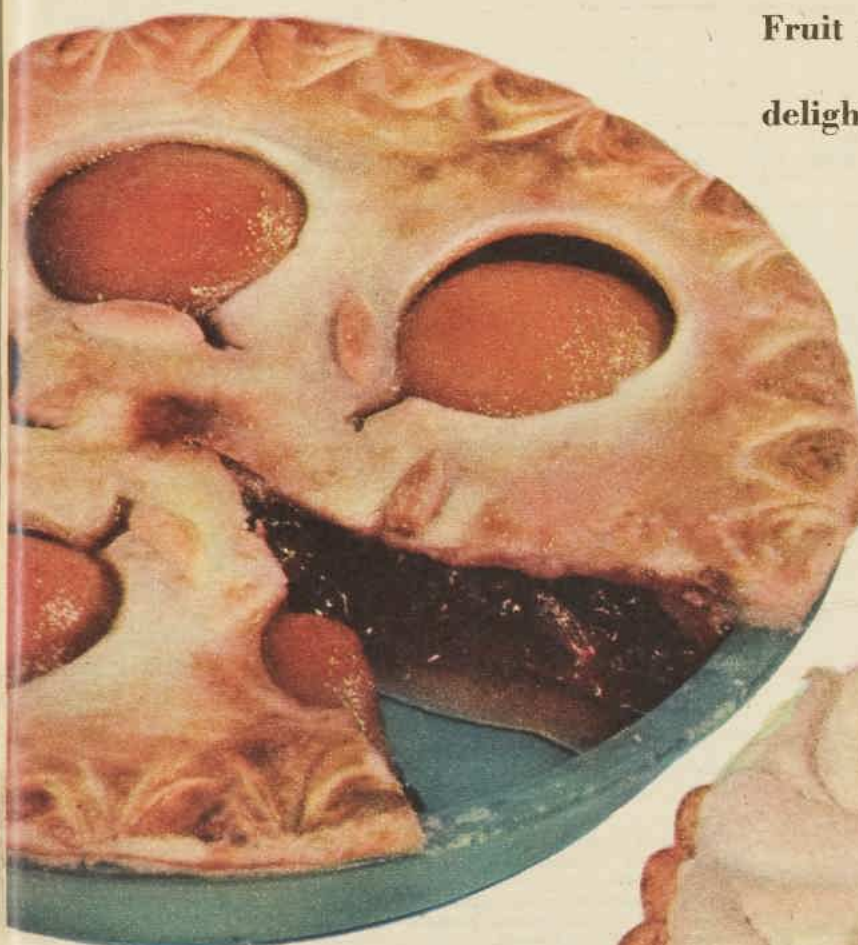
**RICH FRUIT-MINCE** mixed with cherries makes a delicious pie-filling for any occasion. Stone fresh cherries before dicing. Use maraschino, glace, or crystallised cherries when fresh are not available.



By **LEILA C. HOWARD**,  
Our Food and  
Cookery Expert

## First favourite for the second course — **PIES...**

Fruit mince pies are a firm favorite with most families, but too often this all-year-round delight is seen only at Christmas parties.



**LEFT:** Peach mince pie made with a casing of crisp biscuit pastry is good to look at and good to eat. The pastry is cut cleverly to show the peach halves, which rest on the fruit-mince.

**M**INCE can be used with any fruit in season for the most mouth-watering and delicious pies. Of these Cherry Mince Pie is a favorite. It's illustrated above.

For this you can use fruit-mince from a tin or make up a quantity from your favorite recipe. When fresh cherries are not in season, try glace, maraschino, or crystallised cherries.

Eight ounces biscuit pastry,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup stewed cherries (or glace, maraschino, or crystallised cherries with sugar removed),  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 cups fruit-mince,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar, 1 level tablespoon sago, red coloring.

Drain cherries free of syrup, measure  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of the liquid and mix with the cherries, fruit-mince, sugar, sago, and a few

*Continued on page 58*

**BELOW:** A layer of fruit-mince, a layer of smooth orange cream, and a layer of fluffy meringue add up to a tart that will be a lasting favorite with all. Recipe page 58.



**H**ERE'S an attractive dish to make you feel like doing a little extra in the way of a decoration — Peach Mince Pie. It's easy but most effective; for best results use small peach halves. Try it with apricots some time, too.

Ten ounces biscuit pastry, 2 cups fruit-mince, 3 dessert-spoons lemon or orange juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, small peach halves.

Reserve 5 peach halves for top of pie, chop balance and spread over base of tart-plate lined with half the thinly rolled pastry. Fill with fruit-mince mixed with orange or lemon juice and lemon and orange rind. Fill into pastry-case, arrange peach halves on top, prepare cover with remaining pastry, cutting circles for the peach halves before lifting on to tart.

Cut slits for stems. Moisten the edge of pastry lining the tart-plate, carefully lift pastry covering and place on top of the peaches so that they show through the holes cut in the

*Continued on page 58*



# Mother! PLAYTIME IS DIRT-DANGER TIME!



How **SOLVOL** protects  
your child

HANDS FILTHY  
WITH GUTTER DIRT



30 SECONDS  
AFTER USING SOLVOL ...  
CLEAN, HEALTHY HANDS



Dirty hands  
can be dangerous...

Clean hands are healthy hands, say Health Authorities



CLEANS DIRTY HANDS IN 30 SECONDS

S.185.WW/102q

## MAKE RICH MEATY GRAVY

NEW WIDE-NECKED BOTTLE  
FOR EASIER SPOONING



## BONOX

concentrated goodness of rich prime beef  
A KRAFT Product

# PRIZE RECIPES

• Coffee dreams, which win this week's main prize of £5 in our recipe contest, are cookies with a filling of cream and peanut butter.

THE consolation prize-winner, baked apples de luxe, will not be spoiled if only two eggs are used. All spoon measurements are level.

### COFFEE DREAMS

Two eggs, 4 tablespoons sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cornflour, 1 dessertspoon coffee powder, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup flour.

Beat egg-whites until stiff and frothy, gradually add sugar, beating well. Add egg-yolks one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in sifted dry ingredients. Drop a small teaspoonful at a time on to hot, greased oven-tray, bake in hot oven 5 or 6 minutes. Lift on to cake-cooler and when cold join in pairs with peanut cream filling. Dust with icing sugar.

**Peanut Filling:** To  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cream add 2 dessertspoons peanut butter and  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. C. Walker, 7 Seabrook Street, Mount Hawthorn, W.A.



### BAKED APPLES DE LUXE

Three ounces sugar, 3 eggs, 3oz. ground almonds or any other nuts, 1 teaspoon rum,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon baking powder,  $\frac{1}{2}$  doz. small red apples, sultanas, candied peel, butter, extra 1 tablespoon sugar.

Peel apples, halve, and remove cores. Place apples in greased baking-dish with rounded sides down. Fill with sugar, sultanas, and finely chopped peel, dot with butter. Beat egg-yolks with extra sugar until creamy, add rum, almonds, and baking powder.

**TEACAKES.** Mix  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup melted butter,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup soft breadcrumbs. Sprinkle over top of uncooked patty cakes, add a dab of jam. Cook in the usual way, serve hot with butter.

Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites and spoon meringue over apples. Bake in moderate oven  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour or until apples are soft but not broken. Serve hot or cold.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. I. Hrubos, Glen Forrest, W.A.

## PIES...

Continued from page 57

### CHERRY MINCE

drops of red coloring. Simmer 3 or 4 minutes, stirring constantly. Allow to become cold. Line 9in. tart-plate with 2-3rds of pastry, thinly rolled. Leave  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. of pastry extending beyond rim of plate. Roll balance of pastry thinly, cut into strips barely  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide with a pastry-cutter or knife.

Fill cherry-mince mixture into pastry-lined tart-plate. Weave pastry strips into a lattice design on waxed paper, moistening between strips where they cross. Invert on to tart-plate, remove paper. Trim ends off, fold moistened edges of pastry lining of plate up over cut ends of latticed strips. Press lightly together and flute to make a rim. Bake in hot oven 30 minutes, reducing heat after first 15 minutes.

### PEACH MINCE

crust. Cut pastry leaves from trimmings of pastry, moisten under-side of each and arrange near stems on top crust of pie.

Brush top of pie with water, sprinkle with sugar. Bake in hot oven 30 to 40 minutes, reducing heat after first 15 minutes.

### ORANGE CREAM MINCE

This is the third treat shown on page 57.

The tang of orange is delicious with the rich flavor of home-made or tinned fruit-mince. A layer of smooth orange cream over the fruit layer makes a delicious pie.

One cooked biscuit pastry-case, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter or substitute, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. flour, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  cups milk, grated rind 1 orange, 2 eggs, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  cups fruit-mince, extra 1-3rd cup sugar for meringue.

Melt butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without brown-

### Tony's luxury dish

## Veal Olivia

"THE secret of this delicious dish is to have the veal cut  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick, then pounded to paper thinness," says Tony, of Sydney's Colony Club.

For four people you will need:

One and a half pounds veal fillets, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  cups Marsala or very good sherry, 2 table-spoons butter, 16 green olives,  $\frac{1}{2}$  clove crushed garlic,

salt and pepper to taste, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley.

Wipe the veal with a clean damp cloth, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Dip each escalopine in flour and fry very quickly in butter, browning on both sides. Add the Marsala, chopped parsley, garlic, and olives cut into narrow strips. Heat for 2 minutes and serve. This dish should cook in 6 to 8 minutes.

## FAMILY DISH

USE tinned salmon or any other tinned fish or home-cooked fish to make the delicious salmon soufflé which is this week's family dish. It serves four and costs four shillings and sixpence.

### SALMON SOUFFLE

One medium-sized tin cooking salmon or equivalent fresh fish, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup milk, 2 eggs, salt, cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 2 table-spoons soft breadcrumbs, 1 extra dessertspoon butter or substitute.

Flake fish, remove bones and skin. Place in greased ovenware dish. Melt butter or substitute, add flour, stir until smooth, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Add milk, stir until boiling. Cool slightly, stir in beaten egg-yolks, salt and cayenne to taste, onion, lemon juice and parsley; mix well. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites, pour over fish in dish. Top with breadcrumbs, dot with extra butter or substitute and bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes until set and lightly browned. Garnish with parsley and serve immediately.

ing. Stir in orange rind and milk, continue stirring until boiling. Cool slightly, add egg-yolks, and cook 2 minutes without allowing to boil. Set aside to become cold. Fill fruit-mince into cooked pastry-case, top with cooled

orange cream. Whip egg-whites stiffly, gradually add extra sugar, and beat to meringue consistency. Pile on to orange cream, place in very slow oven to lightly set and brown meringue. Allow to become cold before serving.

## FIGHTING FIT NOW



He's regular  
the natural way —  
without purgatives

"Harsh laxatives made my constipation worse," writes Mr. E. Stacey, of Besley, N.S.W. My doctor recommended All-Bran. Now I'm regular, really fighting fit."

The common cause of constipation is lack of bulk in today's refined foods. All-Bran, Kellogg's nut-sweet breakfast cereal, supplies bulk in a delicious natural form. All-Bran is not a medicine but a food, rich in the B Vitamins, phosphorus, niacin and iron. It builds you up instead of pulling you down, as harsh laxatives do.

Accept this friendly offer.  
Be regular the natural way — without medicines.

Enjoy All-Bran for ten days, with milk and sugar or sprinkled over other cereals. Drink plenty of water. If, at the end of ten days, you are not completely satisfied, send the empty carton to Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., Botany, N.S.W., and get double your money back.

All-Bran is a trade-mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd. AB55-16

## PHILIPS

lamps  
were famous



even when grandma  
was a girl!

PL15-54

## SPECIAL FOR TEENAGERS

Teenagers in the know make a point of following the special teenage section in The Australian Women's Weekly. There's helpful advice from Kay Melann, delicious recipes by Debbie, and Candy Hardy's special pattern offers.



Monday Night Money-saver!

# SHEPHERD'S PIE

with a taste difference —

something new has been added —

**KRAFT CHEDDAR**



"Here's how to make  
Monday meal-time an exciting meal-time,"

says

*Elizabeth Cooke*

Kraft Cookery and Nutrition expert

Shepherd's Pie has always been a good economy dish — a saving way to serve "left-overs". Now it has a new life . . . Shepherd's Pie can win you new praises from your family. The ingredient that gives the wonderful flavour lift to this favourite is — **Kraft Cheddar.**

And Kraft Cheddar adds essential food values, too — nourishing protein. Vitamins A, B<sub>2</sub> and D, and the valuable milk minerals, calcium and phosphates. It takes one gallon of milk to make each pound of Kraft Cheddar — a bargain in nutrition.

Keep this recipe in your "certain success" file — serve Shepherd's Pie this Monday.

**INGREDIENTS:** 1½ cups cold meat, minced or finely chopped; 2 medium onions, chopped; 1 dessertspoon butter or dripping; 2 dessertspoons plain flour; 1 cup hot water (for extra flavour, add 1 teaspoon Bonox or Vegemite); 2 cups mashed potatoes; ½ a packet (4 oz.) Kraft Cheddar, shredded; salt and pepper; a little extra butter or substitute.

**METHOD:** Fry onions in shortening until tender. Stir in flour and then hot water (and Bonox or Vegemite). Stir until boiling. Add meat. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Place in a greased pie dish. Combine mashed potatoes, shredded Kraft Cheddar, salt and pepper. Spread mashed potatoes over meat, dot with butter or substitute. Bake in a hot oven (425°) for 20 minutes or until lightly browned, 4 servings.

**5 GOOD REASONS  
WHY KRAFT CHEDDAR IS  
BEST CHEESE VALUE**

1. No rind — no waste
2. Flavour never varies
3. Slices easily — never crumbles
4. Stays fresh
5. Pasteurised for purity

Available in the new 1-oz. portion, the blue 8-oz. packet, the 2-lb. family pack or from the economical 5-lb. loaf.



Have you tried the new Kraft Grated?

Kraft Grated is a blend of fully matured cheese, milk solids and spice, in a handy "sprinkle-out" container. It's quick and easy to sprinkle Kraft Grated on savouries, in soups, on any hot vegetable dish — ideal for cheese scones and biscuits.





**'TEENA'** Style 793. Attention will focus on the girl who wears this sleeveless Gala Gown. Made from sparkling Sundek, "Teena" features fine pin-tucking, neckline trimmed with Guipure lace motifs and full swirling skirt. £7. 19. 6.



**'PAULA'** **'JULIE'** Styles 846 & 734. "Paula" presents smart simplicity with scooped neckline and pronounced pockets at £4. 19. 9. "Julie" has easy informality with cross-over buttoned front at £7. 2. 6. Gala and Sundek of course.



**'JANET'** Style 796. Gala Gowns have used all-over corded embroidery Sundek to present the season's new "Sheathed" look. The wide, scooped neckline and the rounded, flow-over hip-line accentuate the tiny waist with its matching belt. £7. 15. 0.



**'ROBINA'** Style 812. You'll look irresistible in this "after-five" embroidered Gala Gown, fashioned from Sundek. Here a sophisticated low line hugs tight over the hips and billows into an appealing, swirling umbrella skirt. £9. 15. 0.



**'MARGARET'** Style 723. This Gala Gown for madame, in Sundek, features wide reverses and embroidered wrapping skirt pleats. Interest is centered away from the hips, thus slenderizing the figure. All sizes up to XW. £7. 19. 6. SOS to OS £8. 11. 0.



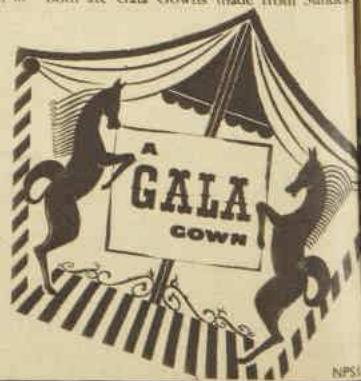
**'SUSIE'** **'DEBRA'** Styles 783 & 805. "Susie" combines a pleated neckline with a pleated hem Bounce at £6. 14. 3. "Debra" has smart A-line styling with Guipure inset bands at £6. 15. 0. Both are Gala Gowns made from Sundek.

Fashions for night, for day, for play —

Choose a

# GALA GOWN

*These important-occasion Gala Gowns are made from crisp, sparkling Sundek, and you can buy them from fashion centres all over Australia.*





SEALING 'ROUND  
THE HOUSE WITH  
**Sellotape**



#### TIP FOR BROKEN PLASTIC TOYS

Crack or break, cover with  
"Sellotape". Toy ready  
for use again.

"Sellotape" is 25% wider -  
sticks to any surface with 25%  
gripping power.



DON'T JUST TAPE IT...  
**"Sellotape" IT!**



#### 15 hairsets for 3/6

QUICKSET WITH CURLPET  
Give YOUR hair new  
silky loveliness and  
save pounds on your  
hair-do.

Get a tube of con-  
centrated Curlpet—  
squeeze Curlpet into  
a pint milk bottle of  
warm water—shake till  
mixed—now you have  
a pint of the best,  
most fragrant quickset  
lotion you've ever used.  
Get concentrated  
Curlpet for 3/6 from  
your chemist or store.  
QUICKSET WITH CURLPET  
CN.5

for  
CUTS  
and  
BRUISES



Vaseline  
WHITE PETROLEUM JELLY  
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Vaseline is the Registered Trade Mark  
of the Chesbrough Mfg. Co. Cons. d.

**Staisweet**  
as sweet as you are with  
**Staisweet**  
The Deodorant you can trust  
**Staisweet**

### Our £2000 cookery contest

## FIRST PROGRESS PRIZE

The first weekly progress prize in our contest has been awarded  
to Mrs. Else Balderston, of "Edgeroi," Quandialla, N.S.W.

**MRS. BALDER-  
STON'S** entry is  
a delicious recipe for roast  
ham with cider sauce. It  
wins £10.

#### ROAST HAM WITH CIDER SAUCE

Ham, 1/2 cup sliced onion, 1/2  
cup sliced carrot, 2 sprigs

parsley, 1/2 bay leaf, 4 cloves,  
5 peppercorns, 1 quart cider.

Soak the ham overnight in  
cold water. Wash and place  
in a pot with sliced onion and  
carrots, parsley, bay leaf,  
cloves, and peppercorns. Cover  
with cold water, bring slowly  
to boiling point, and simmer  
till tender (about 4 hours).

After two hours of cooking  
add cider. Allow ham to cool  
in liquor. Remove skin,  
sprinkle with brown sugar and  
fine breadcrumbs. Put dashes  
of paprika over, about every  
two inches, and insert a clove  
in centre of each dash. Bake  
one hour in slow oven. Serve  
hot with cider sauce.

**Cider Sauce:** Three table-  
spoons butter, 4 tablespoons  
plain flour, 2 cups ham liquor,  
4 tablespoons cider, pepper  
and salt.

Melt butter, add flour, and  
pour on hot ham liquor gradu-  
ally while stirring constantly.  
Bring to boiling point, add  
cider. Pour over ham. Serves  
6 to 8 persons.

All entries, including pro-  
gress prizewinners, will receive  
equal consideration for the big  
prizes in the five sections.

1. Cakes and biscuits.
2. Desserts.
3. Main dish of meat or fish.
4. Buffet dishes.
5. Best entry submitted by a  
man in any section.

Women are not eligible to  
enter Section 5.

#### How to enter

1. Write, type, or print  
each recipe on a separate  
sheet of paper.
2. Write or print your name  
clearly at the top of each  
sheet of paper containing a  
recipe entered in the con-  
test.
3. Write clearly at the top  
of each sheet the section in  
which the recipe is entered.
4. Attach one 1/- stamp to  
each recipe submitted.
5. You can send in as many  
entries as you wish in any or  
all of the five sections, but  
remember that each recipe  
must be accompanied by a  
1/- stamp.
6. Mark envelope contain-  
ing your entry "The Aus-  
tralian Women's Weekly  
Cookery Contest."
7. Send your entries, with  
stamps attached, to—  
BOX 7052,  
G.P.O., SYDNEY.

Full proceeds from the  
contest will go to the Bar-  
nardo Homes.

#### CONDITIONS

Members of the staff of  
Consolidated Press and  
allied companies and their  
families are not eligible to  
enter this contest.

Competitors shall accept  
the decision of the judges,  
and no correspondence will  
be entered into about the  
judges' decision.

Closing date of this con-  
test will be September 30,  
1955.

### These are the prizes

#### GRAND CHAMPION PRIZE

for best entry in any  
section

A STANDARD 10  
CADET car with regis-  
tration and third party  
insurance paid for 12  
months, valued at ap-  
proximately £909.

#### GRAND CHAMPION SECOND PRIZE

A 10-cubic-foot CROS-  
LEY AUTOMATIC  
SHELVADOR refrigerator,  
valued at approxi-  
mately £220.

#### SECTIONAL PRIZES FIRST PRIZES

Section 1.  
An English Electric  
Ritemp automatic range,  
valued at £120.

Section 2.  
National of California  
venetian blinds, valued at  
£100.

Section 3.  
A Wilkins Servis  
Superheat washing  
machine, valued at £116.

Section 4.  
An H.M.V. "Inter-  
mezzo" three-speed  
radiogram, valued at 109  
guineas.

#### Section 5.

Wardrobe of Anthony  
Squires men's clothes,  
to a total value of £100.

#### SECOND PRIZES

Sections 1 to 4.  
A Hoover cylindrical  
vacuum-cleaner, valued  
at £36.

Section 5.  
A Sunbeam Shave-  
master, valued at £14.

#### THIRD PRIZES

Sections 1 to 4.  
A Sunbeam Mix-  
master, valued at approxi-  
mately £27/6/-.

#### FOURTH PRIZES

Sections 1 to 4.  
A Sunbeam Cooker  
and Deep Fryer unit,  
valued at approximately  
£17/10/-.

#### FIFTH PRIZES

Sections 1 to 4.  
A Namco "Magician"  
pressure-cooker, valued  
at £6/18/6.

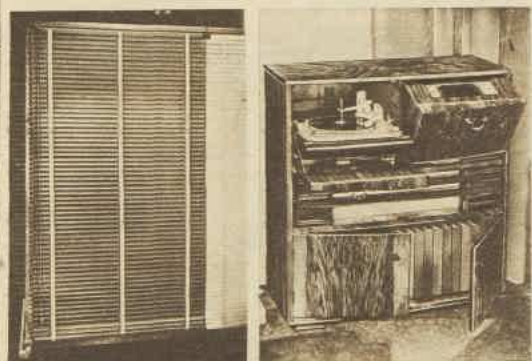
(No third, fourth, or  
fifth prizes will be  
awarded in Section 5.)

#### CONSOLATION PRIZES

Sections 1 to 4.  
£5 worth of Revlon  
beauty products.

#### PROGRESS PRIZES

A £10 prize will be  
awarded each week.



• NATIONAL OF CALIFORNIA venetian  
blinds (above, left), valued at £100, are  
first prize in section 2, desserts.



• H.M.V. "INTERMEZZO"  
three-speed radiogram  
(above) is first prize in sec-  
tion 4, buffet dishes.

• WILKINS Servis Super-  
heat washing machine (left),  
valued at £116, is first prize  
in section 3, main dish of  
meat or fish.

• ENGLISH Electric Ritemp  
automatic range (right),  
valued at £120, is first prize  
in section 1, cakes and  
biscuits.



## Hoadley's Crumble-ettes

whether you are 19 or 90

CRUMBLE-ETTES carry on the tradition of  
childhood joy established so many years  
ago by VIOLET CRUMBLE BARS... with  
the same crisp, crunchy honeycombs and  
chocolate.

But of course,  
you'll enjoy any HOADLEY'S  
product!

HOADLEY'S ARCTIC MINTS, with the  
aromatic flavour of fresh mint right to the very last.

2/- a carton in Capital Cities.

LUNCHEON BARS, vitaminising, energising...  
children love them.

3/- a carton in Capital Cities.

VIOLET CRUMBLE BARS, Australia's most  
popular sweetener.

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HADLEY'S CHOCOLATES (N.S.W.) LTD.

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CHURCHILL

NSW 200

HADLEY'S CHOCOLATES (S.A.) LTD.

40 CARRINGTON STREET

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**FREE  
TO  
MOTHERS!**

A SAMPLE OF

### Ashton and Parsons Infants Powders

These wonderful powders make teething easier,  
ease baby's pain, and induce normal sleep.

TO GROUP LABORATORIES (Australia) Pty. Ltd., 104-110  
Queensberry St., Melb., N.Z. Vic. Please send me a free  
sample of Ashton & Parsons Infants Powders.

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W.W.7



It's easy  
to keep up with fashion

You'll know just what the newest  
fashions are when you follow Mary  
Hordern's fashion notes in The Aus-  
tralian Women's Weekly.





1936

Can you remember 1936—  
the last year that Britain  
won the Davis Cup? In that year a young  
wife, redecorating her house, chose a  
Sanderson cretonne in St. Brigid Anemone  
design for the drawing room curtains  
and covers. She wrote to us recently  
to say that they were still in use, and  
the colours remain as bright and clear  
as the day the material was bought.  
She finished her letter . . .

Middlesex,  
February 1954

*I must pay tribute to the  
quality of the cretonne and the  
permanence of the dyes. The  
covers are still admired, and  
people who see them for the  
first time cannot believe  
they are really  
18 years old.*

that's the kind of thing people say about

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FABRICS**

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ough to see that the spring morning was sunny and brilliant. Strong light was dispersing to him, especially in contrast to the dark. He moved about the room, shaving and dressing almost entirely by touch. He was not very meticulous about it; he was, in fact, becoming careless except at moments when he wanted to make a particularly fine appearance. He was learning now to do these things without looking; a strange, almost perverse secret now as if in practice for the future when he would have to depend on the habit.

When he was dressed he went to the library, where he and Randall took their coffee and rolls every morning. He sat sipping his coffee, eating bits of dry crust from a roll, and scanning the columns of print which he realised presently were telling him nothing. He let the paper slide to the floor. These mornings when he came late and did not go to work were demoralising. Like so many other things about himself, he kept them as much as possible a secret.

Last year he had had to make one exception to his rule and tell Wilfred Minturn the truth about his condition. He had met kindness and sympathetic understanding, but important things could not maintain their charm upon partial charity. Upon learning that four or five years was the maximum possible time that Seymour could hope to continue working, Mr. Minturn had arranged that so long as Seymour remained with the firm he would receive no increases of salary, but should have freedom to come and go, and be absent from the office as much as was necessary to suit his eyes.

Seymour sighed. He was learning by degrees to live with his fate, but protest and the instinct to strike back were powerful in his nature. Perhaps it was silly to buy an automobile, but he wanted one passionately. He felt confident of being well enough to drive it, and his fingers itched at the thought of such a machine to tinker with. Then, the fun he might have! He knew nobody who would not be as amusing when he had the excitement of motoring to offer. This idea grew more intriguing every minute. Why not go out right now and see the Stevens-Duryea people and find out how long they would require to deliver him a car?

He had left their catalogue along with a stack of others which he had been studying down in the cellar in his workshop. He wanted another look at them all for a final comparison before he went out to order his car.

On his way downstairs he encountered Mrs. McBane, the cleaning woman, listlessly flap-

## Continuing . . . My Brother's Keeper

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ping at the tiled floor of the front entry.

He passed her slatternly bulk, kneeling on the hall rug, and went towards the back hall and the cellar stairs.

"Mr. Holt, sir," she said.

"Yes?" He paused.

"Them rooms up at the top," she said. "I told yer brother, sir, how the roof's leaked and made a mess up there. It had ought to be fixed."

"We will attend to it when we wish to."

"I could get ye a price for the roofing work, sir. Me brother-in-law—"

"I told you we will see to this for ourselves." His tone was sharp. "What difference does it make to you?—do you get a commission for jobs that you give your brother-in-law?"

The woman squatted there scowling, with her eyes narrowed. Seymour was discomfited. Why had he given way to a flash of irritability, and why be scathing? He could not back down now, the thing was said. He heard some muttered remark as he turned away, something that sounded like "crazy house." He swung round on his heel and snapped, "What were you doing up on the top floor anyway? You know your orders."

"Me orders is to clean the hall and stairs. If I get up there and smell wet plaster—and mildew—and—other things, I'll not need your insults to know I'm in the right mind!" She flung her scrubbing-rag into the pail of dirty water and heaved herself clumsily to her feet. She advanced towards Seymour, wiping her hands on her apron, and said, "If ye'll give me me money to Saturday I'll be quitting now. And well out of it too." She sniffed.

He took a bill from his wallet and held it out to her with the tips of his fingers.

"Give me your key to the house," he said. She lifted her calico skirt to display a red flannel petticoat and a black pocket-book hanging from her waist. She took the key from her purse and dropped it into his outstretched hand. She tossed her head with another sniff. Then she said, "Look close at the key, Mr. Holt. Be sure it's the right one." She gave a queer nasal laugh. "That's the right one, eh? Feel better now?" She walked away, untying her apron.

Seymour went to the cellar. He was trembling with temper. His rage was only less violent than his annoyance with himself. The woman knew the house too well, she had been about for a long time. She lived in a tenement the other side of Tenth Avenue, only half a block away, and she would

fill the whole neighborhood with gossip about the Holts. He kicked angrily at an old bicycle leaning against an empty crate. The bicycle fell over on its side and Seymour ran at it and stamped on its rear wheel, stamped again and again until the wire spokes were broken and twisted and tangled. One of them snagged the right leg of his trousers. He bent down with an oath and freed himself. He stood for a moment looking round, swinging his head, distraught with panic. Then he sank down in a corner, burying his face in his hands with a hoarse cry.

At about the same time Randall was standing in the corridor outside Renata Tosi's

just went along. I really don't feel able to—

"What you say? For what is this talk? Come here!"

"I—"

"You don't hear? You have the frighten? How is possible talk so far away? Come here."

"I did not come here to talk," said Randall, exasperated. "Nor to drink coffee either. I came to give you a lesson that you are not ready for, and I cannot wait until you are. The whole idea was a mistake, I think we should drop it. I would rather go now. I have my own work to do today."

"Is so important every minute? You didn't never sleep after you amuse' yourself very late?"

Perhaps she would believe him if she saw that he was really annoyed. He made his way across the room, cluttered

and shrieks of merriment, carrying him along with her.

Finally she paused and drew a long breath and wiped her eyes on a handful of ruffles. Randall was choking into his handkerchief. He had laughed until his muscles ached.

"See!" she said. "Is not only you who can teach!" She flapped her hand at him, and said, "Go, wait one moment till I am ready."

He looked at his watch. "You really will be quick, won't you," he said with a smile. "I have work to do right after lunch."

"How you are serious! Good, I let you go quick."

And to his surprise, she did. He would not believe that with all her nonsense yesterday she had mastered the music of the part, however short, and a few of the words in a language that meant nothing to her. Today she wandered round the room, sketchily dressed but at least covered over with clothes, and he could think of no improvement on her suggestion that he pronounce the German words for her while he played the notes of her music.

She followed accurately, shaping each syllable exactly as he said it, and repeating each phrase several times before she went on to the next. When they paused he asked her, "Don't you care if you never find out what it means?"

"No! I know is a lot of—how you say—" she made a senseless, babbling noise. "You tell me this story, I laugh out loud on the stage."

"You won't be out on the stage. You are supposed to be up in a tree."

"Well, you think I take serious such a foolishness? A talking bird? We are reasonable, we Italians!"

He had to laugh and said: "Anyway, you're quick at study and I hate to admit it, since you're so lazy and careless."

She shrugged. "You come again tomorrow?"

"Why, I scarcely think you need it."

"Oh yes, twice more."

"Why twice?"

"What about my cues?"

He could have kicked himself. He had just tossed off—smartly, he thought—a cool reproach for her laziness, and here she was reminding him that while she knew her own passages of the music, she must still learn the cues for her tricky off-stage entrances.

"Very well," he said, uncomfortably meek and compliant. "I suppose you will be asleep and unrepresentable no matter what time I come."

"Absolutely," she agreed cheerfully. "I will be tired, tonight I have to sing Musetta." She set her features in demure and virtuous lines.

"I don't believe it's singing makes you want to sleep all morning," he said. She laughed.

"Would you like to hear my Musetta?" she asked. "Is no bad."

He was astonished. Could he really have lacked the initiative to think of going to the opera to hear her?

"Why, yes," he said, as if involuntarily.

"You go to the stage door. I arrange it for you."

"Thank you very much."

He must go now, he was in a hurry to get away, not only because the whole morning had gone, but because he felt strangely embarrassed.

On the fourth and presumably the last morning that he arrived to work with Renata Tosi, Randall's knock was answered, not by her cheerful "Avanti!" but by the decorous opening of the door, which swung wide to reveal her standing, soberly dressed, with her hand on the door-knob.

"Good morning," she said demurely.

"Good morning," Randall walked into the room with the increased confidence derived

from his previous visits. Yesterday had been quite pleasant. There had been more ease and less mischief. He laid his hat on a stand and took a step towards the piano. Then he stopped. Seated in an armchair with an air of aggressive proprietorship was a heavy, florid man with a spectacular black moustache waxed into needle-tipped curls. He was tightly fitted into striped trousers, a black jacket, and pointed patent leather buttoned boots with fawn-colored cloth tops.

Randall looked stupidly at Renata Tosi, whose subdued manner was belied by a taunting twinkle in her eye.

"I present you Signor Ugo Baldini," she said.

"How do you do," said Randall, more nonplussed than he should have been.

Baldini grunted some reply. Randall looked again at Renata, who laughed.

"My friend," she explained, with nervous and conspicuously artificial gaiety. "He is so interested, he come listen how you teach me that German bird."

Baldini's rude up-and-down scrutiny of Randall suggested total disinterest in German birds. Renata Tosi hesitated; then she said eagerly to Randall, "You have heard Baldini, no? You have admire' his Kamis, Ferrando, Leporello?"

Randall tried to nod and smile the indicated compliments. He murmured, "Yes, yes, of course," and groping for a quick device to end this encounter he said, "You won't need more than a minute today. I'm sure you've got the cues perfectly now. In fact," he added, "perhaps you don't even need to run through it again."

"But I must!" She cast her eyes and clasped her hands heavenward. Randall could have snickered but for the lowering presence of Baldini. Renata snatched the score from Randall's hand and ran with it to the piano, ruffling the pages to find the place.

She sang the two short passages beautifully, with fluency and perfect grace. She had not the remotest idea what she was saying. But she did convey to Randall that for once she must try to seem serious. It occurred to him that she might be afraid of Baldini, and some of his pique disappeared in a sense of concern for her. Then he had a sharp impression of Seymour's comment, could he be here to make one. This woman knows what she is doing. She is about as innocent and as much in need of help as a clever cat. Randall finished the music with a feeling of cool relief that the ordeal was ending. He said, "Very nice indeed," as Renata turned from the piano towards Baldini, arching her pretty eyebrows as if to ask his approval. Baldini shrugged and made some comment in Italian.

"He is surprise," she said to Randall, a little too glibly. "He would not think so possible to learn a Wagner like that." She moved restlessly towards a table and picked up an Italian macaroon from a dish and began to nibble it. "He would understand better if he hear from in first. But he was away, was engage' for week in Chicago."

So there it was. She was trying to explain her situation now that it had proclaimed itself. She was sillier than he had thought her, and that was silly enough.

Randall rose and gathered up his hat, and the score from the piano. Renata shook her head as he closed the volume and said, "Oh, please, you leave with me the music until I finish the rehearsals?"

What was she up to? He remembered every word of her

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"Ma! I'm engaged!"

apartment, knocking on her door. She had told him to come half an hour later than yesterday, laughing that the ten o'clocks had proved too early for her. So Randall gave her fifteen minutes' grace and a little before eleven he arrived at her hotel. His knock went unanswered. He waited for a moment and knocked again and was not answered. He began to feel annoyed. It might be just like her to have forgotten all about the appointment and gone out.

He decided to go away and forget this nonsense. He had had misgivings from the first, she was as frivolous as the other opera-singers of his experience although he had to admit she was more charming about it. But he had had enough. He knocked hard for a last time on the door.

"Avanti!" came the cry from inside the room, but in a tone so muffled, yet startled, that he knew she had been sound asleep. Drat the woman, he thought; now what am I supposed to do? I wish I had gone away a minute ago. He had no idea of walking in on her as she must be now. But she called impatiently, "Avanti!—come in, is my coffee?"

"No," said Randall through the door. "It is not your coffee."

"Oh! Is you! Come in, come in."

What should he do? Stand there arguing through a closed door in a hotel corridor? He turned the handle and the door opened, to his discomfiture, for he had supposed it would be locked.

"Oh!" cried Tosi from behind her screen. "You 'scuse me, please, I am so sorry. Must be waiter, I order last night he wake me with the coffee. He forget. Is nothing, I order now. We must have the coffee."

"Thank you," said Randall stiffly, from across the room, "I've had mine. Since you are not up yet, Madame Tosi, I think it might be as well if I

like yesterday with the debris of the costume she had flung off last night, and walked round the corner of the screen. She was sitting up in bed, laughing, and the courage to rebuke her ebbed away from him as he took in her delighted smile, the freshness of her face innocent of cosmetics and framed in bright brown curls tumbling round her shoulders and hanging down her back. She was wrapped in a cape or some such garment made of lace ruffles, and it was as useless to be cross with her as with a talking doll.

The woman had literally no notion of convention or manners or responsibility on any terms in common with him. His brother persisted, without ever having seen her, in calling her a toy, and Randall's mind ceded suddenly as he stood there that Seymour was right. I do wish, he thought, that she wasn't a good artist. That's the only obstacle to dismissing her and forgetting her altogether. I still mean to.

Renata Tosi had been sitting with her deep-set brown eyes fixed on his face. He stood looking into hers chiefly because he did not want to seem to notice anything else about her. So he saw a series of expressions follow one another across her lively features; she frowned, she knit her brows, she raised them disapprovingly, she tucked in her chin and pursed her mouth, and suddenly Randall saw that she was mimicking and wickedly reflecting the sequence of thoughts which had crossed his mind.

Then her lips began to twitch and Randall heard himself ridiculously confounded as they both burst out laughing. She laughed as she had laughed in the parish house, peal upon peal of childish, unbridled mirth, and Randall laughed as he had never done in his life. He could scarcely get his breath. Each time he tried she pointed a finger at him and made a face and went off into gales

### £2000 Embroidery Contest

#### All entries will be returned

● ALL ENTRIES IN OUR £2000 EMBROIDERY CONTEST WILL BE RETURNED BY REGISTERED MAIL.

This information is repeated in response to hundreds of telephone calls asking if the entries will be returned.

Another frequent question is whether entries may be dry-cleaned or laundered. The answer is yes. There is no reason why articles should not be laundered.

Most important rule to be observed is that the entry was worked during 1955. Work done earlier is not eligible.

Full particulars of prizes and sections are available at traced needlework counters. The schedule was also repeated in our issue of August 3.



mischievous refusals to look at the score or learn a line of it, except by ear. He could hardly tease her about that now. He said, "Why, certainly," and put the music back on the rack.

He shook hands with Renata Tosi in a manner as American as he knew how, and without another word he opened the door and went away.

By the time he was out on Broadway in the sunshine he was entirely decided that he was well out of this potential embroilment, and grateful that he had learned enough since Vienna not to have let himself be made a fool of. He could not see what further use Renata Tosi could have for him, and surely he had none for her.

His self-approval hung on for several days, diminishing all the time, though he did not know it. Seymour was preoccupied with excitement and pleasure about his automobile, which he said would be delivered in a few days. He was so full of his own concerns that he forgot to tease Randall about his.

He had a long, dull, and lonely weekend, broken only by choir-practice and services at St. Timothy's. From now on through the later spring, and even more during the summer, the music at the church would be simpler and take less of his time. When he woke on Monday morning he realised that he had no work scheduled at St. Timothy's until Wednesday afternoon.

The empty time yawned ahead of him.

Seymour was still asleep and might sleep all morning. Randall went down to the side door and took in the daily pint of milk, the bag of rolls, and Seymour's "Times."

He felt more and more jangled and disturbed. His coffee was poor, he must have been inattentive and measured it out carelessly. Taking up the folded copy of "The Times," he began to read carelessly.

Nothing fixed his attention until he came to the page of musical and theatrical news. At that point he had a sense as if of the raising of a thin, confusing curtain, something which had drifted across the panes of his mind and obscured the clear

Continuing . . . .

view of his intentions which had always been there. His decision to forget Renata Tosi now appeared clumsy and artificial.

His eye fell on the article about the week's repertoire at the opera. "Last week but one of opera season," was the heading. He found himself facing another thought which he must have been holding hidden for some time. What would become of Renata Tosi when the season was over? How could that possibly be any concern of his! Then he glanced at the cast for tonight's performance of "Aida." Ugo Baldini was singing and Renata Tosi was not.

Randall sat for a short while and meditated. The idea which was taking shape almost frightened him by its bold novelty; he could scarcely recognise himself in it. Timidity struggled briefly with inclination and retired. He folded Seymour's "Times" carefully in its original creases and laid it on the arm of Seymour's chair. Then he went downstairs and took his hat and started uptown to the opera house.

They were halfway through dinner and Renata was still laughing and saying, "I am so surprised. How you have thought of something so intelligente and furbo?"

"What does 'furbo' mean?"

She waved her hand as if trying to pluck the word from the air. "Oh! I don't know. It means, how is it, clever?—but maybe too clever? Is possible?"

"You mean 'tricky'? 'Deceitful'?"

She pulled a face of mock protest. Her eyes were wide. "I never deceive nobody! Surely you have never deceived anybody?"

"Not—well, not by arranging it myself, exactly. Until now. You do understand," he added quickly. "I haven't meant to, I mean I was not thinking about your—eh—friend."

"No?" Again the mock surprise. "Then why we are here?" He put his attention on the

## My Brother's Keeper

[from page 63]

piece of chicken on his plate. She went on chattering. "If you don't think about Baldini, why we arrange so carefully come here after 'Aida' begin, and put me home before it end?"

"Look here," he said. "Is this customary in Italy, arrangements like the one you seem to have with him?"

"That depends," she shrugged. "In Italy Baldini is not free like here. Sometimes he get away, but—"

"He is married."

"Naturally. Is very jealous his wife and many bambini to keep her busy."

He looked across at her, unaware that his own eyes were much more eloquent than his uncertain tongue. He blurted, "The queerest thing always happens to me when I try to talk to you. Either I can't think of anything to say, or else I blunder into personal things that are none of my business."

"Why is not your business? You are jealous of Baldini, yet you tell it." She shrugged.

"I am not jealous of Baldini!" He felt his face redden. "I scarcely know you."

She laughed, blinking at him. "Let us agree. Baldini is not your business. He go away soon, back to La Scala and the wife in Piacenza with six bambini."

"All the same," he said, "what would you do if I asked you questions? Without stopping to think whether they are too personal or not?"

"Answer them," she said calmly. "Go on, ask."

"I just can't see why you have that—why you—ah—why—Baldini." He drew a breath and summoned his courage and said, "You couldn't be in love with him."

"At last you talk the sense!"

"Then, why—?" She shook her head a little and smiled as if excusing the ignorance of a child. "You were never poor?" she asked gently. "Very poor, like us? Peasants?"

"I'm sorry you have to ask that." He felt a little ashamed of himself. But he said, "You ought to be better off by now. Isn't that so? And you were fairly well started in Milano before, otherwise they wouldn't have brought you here. Do you mean to say you really need Baldini? Madame, Signorina . . ."

"Renata. And I call you Randall!" She smiled like a delighted child, but he repeated, "Is the whole thing—" he implied Baldini—"necessary?"

"Oh! You talk like a priest. Madonna!" she exclaimed, in sudden horror, "how I know what you are in that pagan church of yours?"

"Nothing," he said coldly. He was resigned that there was no use sparring with her if one could not hold one's own. "I am absolutely nothing in that church but a minor musician employed to work there. And we are just as Christian as you are, so restrain your insults. Now look here—Renata." He pronounced her name with obvious pleasure and she beamed at him. "Must you really go on with this arrangement of yours? I've been trying to tell you—it's not—well—people in this country don't see these things in the same light you do. We—"

"What people?" she interrupted.

"Why—" he frowned irritably. She burst into a laugh and leaned over and put her hand on top of his.

"People you know, they do not care what I do, Baldini do, all the artists do. We like to play, we like pleasure."

"So you play with me, too," he said with bitterness. "I bet Baldini wouldn't be amused. This wouldn't be his idea of play."

"Indeed, no."

"So you are playing with fire as well as with me and Baldini and—" Suddenly he saw in retrospect her room as it had looked in the mornings, strewn with the finery in which she had been dressed the night be-

fore. "With others, too, I suppose," he said hopelessly. He decided to drop the subject. He sat with his head bent, crumbling a wafer and pushing the crumbs with his forefinger into a meaningless pattern.

She watched him. He was surely, she told herself, beautiful, a beautiful young man, and different from any she had ever seen. It must be that difference, that foreignness, which attracted her and which had carried her so far as to be sitting here now. His views were preposterous. Anybody else so earnest and serious would seem an intolerable prude and a bore. But this one had some strange appeal, perhaps his looks, perhaps his extraordinary innocence.

"How old are you, Randall?" she asked him, speaking low.

"Twenty-three." He did not look up.

Two years younger than herself, her real age which she never stated because no singer ever did. She said slowly, "I think perhaps is because you are young you have so little tolerance. The human nature she is not what you believe should be, only what is. Now is no more the time you watch your clock?"

He looked and saw that they should leave at once. They went out and got into a hansom and Randall told the driver to hurry. When the door slammed shut Renata settled into her corner with the certainty, a novelty to her, that this man would not immediately besiege her with kisses as anybody else would do. He sat with his hands clasped on his knees. She copied his prim attitude. They chatted about the opera while the cab jounced up Broadway; about what evenings she and also Baldini would be singing.

He soon had it clear: On Wednesday both were cast in Rigoletto, Renata as Contessa Ceprano; on Thursday she was to sing Micaela in a Carmen without Baldini, and on Friday Baldini was down for Angelotti. So that left her free again on Friday. Randall looked at her with a question unspoken, and

she nodded and laughed again and they dropped the matter there.

"The first Siegfried is next Monday?" he asked her.

"Yes, is ridiculous. Two times they do it, only in the last week. All that work!"

"I don't doubt that you've been re-engaged for next year?"

"Oh, yes."

"And in the meantime?"

That was what was really bothering him. "When the opera closes now?"

"I go in Italy, naturally."

"I see." His voice was dull. It was what he had expected to hear. "Have you engagements there?" (Or, he tried to suppress the thought, are you just trailing along with Baldini?)

"But of course! La Scala continue until June. In many places, Bologna, Genova," she ticked them off on her fingers. "Ravenna, Como—Oh!" She shook her head. "Is terrible so much work."

"You ought to be proud to have it," said Randall crossly. "Ma!" she said.

The cab drew up at the hotel and Randall helped her out. He started to escort her across the pavement to the door, but she shook her head and gave him her hand. He felt the rigidity of her arm intended to hold him at the greatest distance. She was astonished when he bent and kissed her gloved hand as any body else would do.

She turned quickly away. It had not been made definite that she would see him again on Friday, she had only hinted at it, and she had not said a word about any further rehearsal for Siegfried. There was no reason why he should go again. But he felt so agitated of mind that he stepped back into the hansom without thinking, and told the man to drive him home. Ordinarily he would have taken the street-car, just from his habitual frugality. He sat with his arms folded, scowling.

"I ought to forget her," he told himself, half aloud. "I've got no business whatever with such a woman."

To be continued



### SIGNIFICANT MEDICAL FACTS THROW NEW LIGHT ON TODAY'S TENSION AND ITS ASSOCIATED SYMPTOMS.

Worry, strain, stress, headache and nerve pains are symptoms of a health pattern that leads from minor non-specific ills to chronic health disorders. Stress can kill! The Stress of today's tension is mirrored in the faces around you—take positive action to defeat the symptoms before they tear your natural health defences.

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## GARDENING

Although August with its biting blasts and frosts is still with us, the hardy, fairy-like flowers of winter, the Iceland poppies, are constantly unfolding their petals.

# POPPIES

POPPIES keep the garden bright and gay with color. With spring and the warmer weather they will fade, but you can have summertime poppies if you sow seed now. There are many varieties to choose from.

The glaucium or horned poppy is a hardy perennial that frequently flowers from seed if sown in early spring.

The flowers are large and single and obtainable in red, orange, and scarlet. They produce shrubby plants about 2ft. high, not unlike the popular Oriental poppy.

Glaucium poppy seed should be sown now in the warmer parts of Australia.

The opium poppy, to be sown in early spring, grows to a height of four feet, with greyish-green foliage, and has large flowers that vary in color from white to purple.

Among its best forms are the carnation-flowered types with fringed petals, and the peony types, with very fine double blooms.

Another decorative type of poppy is the Oriental, which is large, papery in texture, and generally has a dark blotch at the base inside.

The pink and lilac varieties are beauties, but there are others with equal claims to fame as garden decorators.

The planting of Oriental poppies can be left until September.

Roots from divided plants or Oriental poppies can usually be obtained from nurseries or seedsmen in early spring. They need to be given a warm position in full sunlight, and should be set out as early as possible.

If you are able to obtain old, fleshy roots of established Oriental poppies, merely strip the earth from the roots with a sharp knife; cut them into three-inch lengths and plant them perpendicularly. Be careful to plant them the right end up, with the top of the root cutting about an inch below soil level.

Then plant the original root, and you'll find that although shorn of two-thirds of its root growth it will produce a vigorous and free-blooming plant.

This method of propagation is much preferable to sowing seed, which often does not germinate. However, if the roots are not obtainable, seed can be sown in early September.



**OPIUM POPPY**, pictured above, comes in both the double and single varieties. It is a native of Greece and the Orient.

It usually pays to set out several seeds in one place and to thin the seedlings.

Oriental poppy seedlings are delicate, slow-growing little plants, which don't always come true to color, particularly if you saved your own seed from plants of several colors which grew together.

These poppies produce large numbers of huge blooms during the summer months on bushes up to 3ft. high.

They need a place to themselves, as they spread untidily. The foliage is beautiful.

Most gardeners will find that Oriental poppies are one of the sturdiest, most persistent plants in the garden. They are not at all fussy as to soil, growing equally well in heavy or light, acid or sweet soil, and even blooming in partial shade.

They detest full shade, and if grown on the south side of a house where they are blown about by strong winds and rarely get a glimpse of the sun will refuse to flower.

The stems of this poppy are rather brittle, and as the flowers all come from the top growths, they require fairly well-protected positions.

In the warmer parts of the country, seed of Shirley poppies is usually sown from March to early April, and flowers in spring. But Shirleys are most accommodating, and, if sown now in frost-free districts, will flower very quickly before the real heat of summer comes along.

The dainty, free-flowering, double French poppies do well if sown in early spring.

The corn or Flanders poppy is another dainty little plant.

This little red poppy, which is one of the parents of the more decorative Shirley poppy, can be sown in early spring. It will flower and finish its life-cycle before Christmas. The plants do not transplant successfully, and should be sown where they have to grow.

**FLANDERS POPPY** is loved by gardeners but frowned upon by agriculturalists because of its rampant growth.



Happiest choice  
for  
Father's Day...



## Polo HANDKERCHIEFS



**Big Value  
Gift Boxes**

3 WHITE 6 WHITE  
8/3 16/6

**Big Value  
Gift Boxes**

3 COLOURED 6 COLOURED  
9/9 19/6



**ALSO IN SINGLE CELLOPHANE PACKETS.**

White, 2/9 each. Coloured and fancy white, 3/3 each. Initialed, white 3/6 and coloured 3/11.

Yes, that name "Polo" makes all the difference when it comes to handkerchiefs. There's no better value anywhere. Polo Handkerchiefs are made in exclusive patterns from the finest Egyptian cotton, with guaranteed fast colours, also plain and fancy white. They're the handkerchief Dad would choose for himself!

**Polo** the classic  
handkerchief



Manufactured by Thomas Heaney & Sons Pty. Ltd., Sydney



# BEWARE!

## Soap'n'water "dries" your hands 27 times a day!



that's  
why  
you  
need  
**TRUSHAY**

Smoothed on  
before each washing  
chore

**TRUSHAY GUARDS  
HANDS IN HOT  
SUDSY WATER**



# TRUSHAY

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



How many times a day are your hands in water—leaving them a little drier, a little rougher every time? You can't avoid "water jobs"—but you can avoid drying damage by using Trushay. Just two drops of Trushay, applied "beforehand," guards hands even in hot, sudsy water.

Trushay's beauty oil soothes parched skin, smooths away roughness. Trushay keeps busy hands romantic hands.

In three sizes, 2/3, 3/6, 5/9, from all chemists and the better stores.

## DISPLAY OF CRAFTS

• This year's display by the Society of Arts and Crafts of N.S.W. showed that Australian handcraft is now equal to the world's best.

NEARLY every type of handcraft was represented, with very heavy entries in the pottery and weaving sections.

An outstanding needlework novelty was the "Tree of Life," worked on linen made in England more than 100 years ago. Around the tree is worked the story of the linen and some of the history of the descendants of Henry and Margaret Dixon, who brought it to Australia in 1877.



TAFFETA evening skirt with quilted half-circles around the hemline and appliques of colorful felt flowers. The skirt was designed and embroidered by Mrs. E. Felstead, of Turramurra.



ABOVE: Cutwork decorates the lamp bases made by Mrs. R. Ineson, of Lane Cove (left), and Mrs. D. Coudery, of Roseville. Right: The "Tree of Life," a novelty exhibit made by Mrs. Margaret Oppen, of Pymble, which traces her family's history.

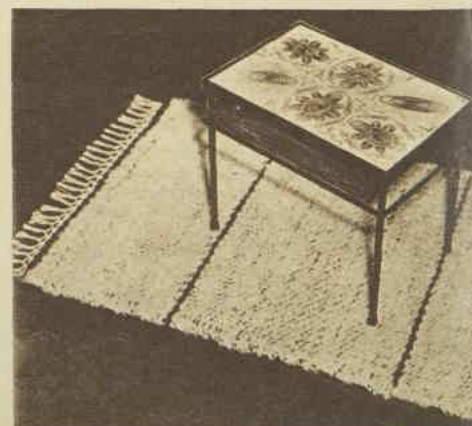


DESIGNED for indoor gardens, these pots and saucers modelled by Margery Denne, of Wahroonga, are colored to blend with the plants growing in them.



ABOVE: Kangaroo and Olympic insignia are topical designs on a handsome beaten brass wall plaque made and exhibited by Mr. W. Meyering, of Villmood.

RIGHT: Miss M. R. Innes, of Wollstonecraft, exhibited this natural fleece rug and table featuring aboriginal motifs.





# Hotpoint

CLEANERS  
and POLISHERS

\* Regd. Trade Mark

MAKE HOUSEWORK

Quick and Easy!

*Just imagine—a vacuum cleaner  
you don't have to drag around!*

It's true! Simply place this wonderful new Hotpoint cleaner in the centre of an average size room and the ingenious new swivel-top lets you clean all around without moving the cleaner. So much easier, so much faster!

But that's not all, this new Hotpoint swivel-top is more efficient too, because a new powerful motor produces super-powered suction to deep-clean your home.

Have you noticed what a difference a spotless floor makes? Seems to give the whole house a lift.

**It's easy, too!**

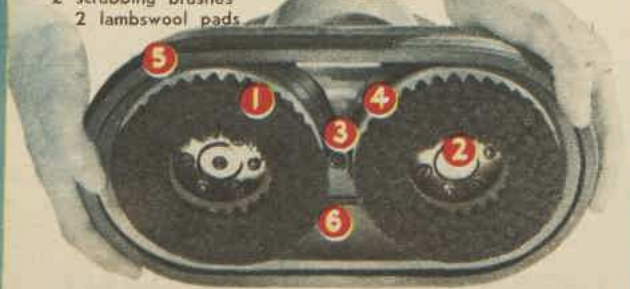
Guide this Hotpoint polisher over your floors and presto, they're gleaming with a shine you'll be proud to show your friends.

Strong All-metal Construction

1. Polishes and Scrubs.
2. Brushes "click" into place with one easy movement.
3. Direct friction drive is simple and efficient.
4. Direction of rotation gives smooth, one polishing.
5. Rubber buffer protects furniture.
6. Famous A.G.E. motor protected against dust and fluff.

Price £32'17'6

Complete with  
2 polishing brushes  
2 scrubbing brushes  
2 lambswool pads



The swivel-top rotates a complete circle—no more tugging.



Hose "clicks" into place on swivel-top—can't stick, jam or loosen.



Twist this ring to reduce suction for light draperies etc.



Carpet nozzle has built-in brush to loosen lint.

JUST LOOK  
AT THESE  
FEATURES—



At last something to hold the cord—clips to cleaner.



Use the cleaner to dry hair after washing.

Price 36 gns.  
Complete with attachments



Hooks on Cleaner carry attachments ready for instant use

full-width  
SUPER-POWERED SUCTION  
DEEP CLEANS

Guaranteed by  
Australia's leading electrical organisation  
**at Hotpoint retailers everywhere**



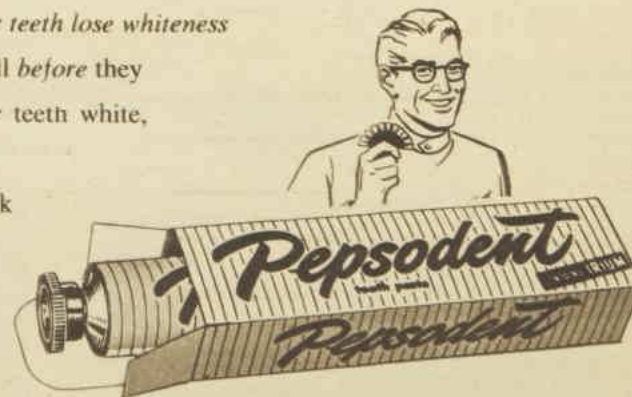
# SMILE? *She never should!*



**HER TEETH MAKE HER LOOK  
10 YEARS OLDER!**

## GET WHITER, YOUNGER-LOOKING TEETH IN JUST 3 WEEKS WITH PEPSODENT

*Your dentist has a tooth-shade detector—it clearly shows that your teeth lose whiteness as you grow older. But, far too often, people let their teeth grow dull before they should, adding unnecessary years to their appearance. Keep your teeth white, younger-looking with Pepsodent. Only Pepsodent has the added cleansing power of Irium to remove the film that makes teeth look dull and old. If Pepsodent doesn't give you the whitest teeth you've ever had, we'll refund *double* your purchase price!*



**FOR WHITER, YOUNGER-LOOKING TEETH USE PEPSODENT**



# Fashion PATTERNS

**PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS**  
F2526.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make tailored blouse. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/6.

F3811.—Summer one-piece designed with a pretty oval neckline and unpressed skirt pleats. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/9.

F3008.—One-piece with a smooth, moulded bodice and flared skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/9.

F3811

F3008

F3812

F2526

F3434

F3446

F3812.—Torso dress styled with a high, wide neckline and a graceful skirt flare. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/9.

F3446.—One-piece fashioned with simple, supple lines and finished with a wide collar. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 7yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/9.

F3434.—Slender sheath dress styled with a wide portrait neckline. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/9.

FASHION Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harrie St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address, Box 4060, G.P.O. Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O. Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O. Auckland.

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

• Needlework notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

No. 962.—CHILD'S DRESS

The dress is designed to open out flat for easy laundering, and is obtainable cut out ready to make in cotton hurocord. The color choice includes red, green, blue, pink, and lemon, all printed with a white pinspot. Sizes: length 18in. for 2 years, 19½; postage and registration, 1/6 extra; 20in. for 4 years, 1/6; postage and registration, 1/6 extra; 22in. for 5 to 6 years, 17/6; postage and registration, 1/9 extra; 27in. for 7 to 8 years, 18/11; postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

No. 963.—LAUNDRY BAG

Roomy and practical bag is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material is British cotton obtainable in white, blue, green, lemon, pink, and natural. Price, 12/6. Postage and registration, 1/3 extra.

No. 964.—D'OLEYS

Attractively designed d'oleys are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material is cream and white Irish linen, and sheer linen in pink, blue, green, and lemon. The d'oleys may be obtained separately or in a set of three. Price, 1/6 each, postage 3d. extra. Set of three, 4/3, postage, 6d. extra.

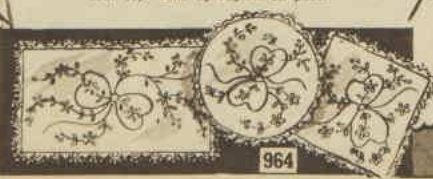
No. 965.—SUPPER CLOTH

Prettily designed supper cloth is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider in cream and white Irish linen. Size 36in. x 36in., 21/6, postage and registration, 1/6 extra; 46in. x 45½in., 32/8, postage and registration, 1/9 extra; 54in. x 54in., 43/9, postage and registration, 2/- extra.

No. 966.—TENNIS DRESS

Smart H-line tennis dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in white pique. Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 26/6, postage and registration, 1/6 extra; 36in. and 38in. bust, 27/11. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

• NOTE.—Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 10/- sent by registered post.



# Check Perspiration! Stop odour 24 hours!

WITH COLGATE'S NEW

## Tact

DEODORANT

There's a miracle anti-perspirant in Tact and, what's more, tests prove that, for 9 out of 10 people, Tact prevents odour for a full 24 hours... actually destroys the bacteria that cause odour. Get Tact to-day!



Large jar, 3/3d.  
Handy tube, 2/1½d.



Introduce baby to the blissful protection with comfort of Actil Terry Nursery Squares.

- Hygienically packed in 'Cellophane'.
- Recommended and used by Maternity Hospitals.
- Super soft for baby skins.
- Greater absorbency for perfect cleansing.

## TERRY NURSERY SQUARES



BUY QUALITY BY ACTIL

AUSTRALIAN COTTON TEXTILE INDUSTRIES LIMITED  
Makers of SHEETS - PILLOW CASES - FASCO, The ALL Purpose Fabric

Don't miss





## Even together... you can't tell them apart

There'll be bonnets on the green when Mother gets home! -We don't know the ringleader of this little kitchen adventure, because even together you can't tell the Burton triplets apart, only their names are different. Just like that cornflour Mrs. Burton thinks is safe and sound in the pantry—it could be either Clement's, Wade's or Brown & Polson's, because here again the cornflour is identical, it's only the names that are different depending on which State you're in. If the triplets lived in Queensland they'd be using Clement's cornflour for sure, in any other State except New South Wales it would be Brown & Polson's, but as they really live in Sydney, the Burton kitchen is getting a generous garnishing with Wade's cornflour.

Good cooks say: "You can't beat cornflour for making delightful desserts, sauces, cakes and biscuits, but—you must use only a genuine maize cornflour of superfine quality." That's why Wade's, Clement's and Brown & Polson's cornflour is the number one choice of Australian housewives. It is the very best that money can buy, it's genuine maize cornflour full of field-fresh flavour and sun-drenched goodness, and it's triple refined for smoother, creamier cornflour cooking.



## CORNFLOUR

### Sweet Southern Chocolate Snow

Here's an inexpensive and scrumptious treat to charm the choosiest appetite. You simply make a standard mixture blancmange and use 1 oz. of melted chocolate as flavouring. Remove it from the heat and stir in 1 teaspoon of butter, 1 teaspoon of coffee essence, and the yolk of 1 egg. Whip the egg white stiffly and then fold into the mixture. Serve this delightful sweet in individual dishes with a sprinkling of chopped nuts.

TRY THESE  
DELICIOUS  
RECIPES!

### Delight fillings for your cakes

The very next time you bake a cake try one of these delightful, flavoured fillings and see what a difference it makes. Just make a standard mixture blancmange, using ½ pint of milk and adding a few drops of either pineapple, banana, caramel, raspberry or strawberry flavoured essence. Cream together 1 tablespoon of sugar and 1 tablespoon of butter. When the blancmange is quite cold, gradually beat it into the creamed mixture.

MADE BY THE MANUFACTURERS OF UNCLE TOBY'S OATS AND UNCLE TOBY'S CUSTARD POWDER

## Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and  
PRINCESS NARDA: Are on a world sea cruise with Sir Harry, one of the world's richest men. At a port of call a stranger shows Sir Harry a photograph. Hurrying away with the stranger, Sir Harry

drops the snap. Mandrake picks it up and sees an amazing picture of a centaur—half-man, half-horse. Meanwhile, Sir Harry and the stranger arrive at nearby Lost Hope Isle and see a centaur in the flesh. NOW READ ON:





# The original TAMPAX

is again available!

You don't have to put up with the chafing and embarrassment of old-fashioned sanitary methods. Tampax, the modern internal sanitary protection was invented by a physician and it does away with bulky belts, pins and pads. With Tampax there's no odour—and disposal is easy.

Tampax is made of highly absorbent cotton compressed into one-time-use applicators. You owe it to yourself to try Tampax.



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Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney.  
(I enclose 3/6d. in stamps for postage.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
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(I would like a sample of regular/ super Tampax.  
(Please mark absorbency.)



JUST TELL THE WIFE  
to buy FORD PILLS  
in the larger economy  
Family size, and  
get over twice  
the quantity  
for only 5/6  
EVERYWHERE

**FORD PILLS**

Every  
good boy  
& girl  
deserves

**CHUCKLERS'  
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## Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear  
or cut out  
ready to make

\* Fashion frocks are available for only six weeks from date of publication. Deliveries will be made 14 days from receipt of order.



"ROMANA": Moulded bodice and gathered skirt combined in a smart one-piece dress obtainable in printed crease-resisting cotton. The color choice includes lemon and blue on a pink ground; lemon and blue on a blue ground; and pink and mauve on an aqua ground.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 92/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 94/11. Postage and registration, 3/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 73/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 74/11. Postage and registration, 2/9 extra.

"CYRILLA": Sleeveless and scooped-neck cotton dress obtainable in regency-stripped cotton. The color choice includes pink and green; blue, pink, and green; grey, red, and green; and aqua, red, and green—all printed on a white ground.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 92/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 93/11. Postage and registration, 3/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 72/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 73/11. Postage and registration, 2/9 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 49. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.



You'll never be solo with

# Rolo

"Soprano Maria Gonsolo

Developed the strangest tremolo

When asked what was brewing.

She answered, still chewing,

'One cannot sing solo with ROLO!'



Rich, creamy  
caramel poured  
into milk  
chocolate cups.



**1°**  
PER PACKET

ROLO, smooth, satisfying ROLO, is made in the Mackintosh manner from the original English recipe. Scrumptious ROLO has a deliciously different flavour—a flavour you'll want to enjoy again and again.

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# Safe Home!!

They need this  
Ready Source  
of Energy -



## Arnott's



Over 40,000  
GRATEFUL MOTHERS  
have sent  
testimonials and  
photographs.

No one knows better  
than a mother how  
active children can be.

When she gives them Arnott's Famous Milk Arrowroot  
Biscuits, she gives them the nourishment they need in the  
way she knows best.

*famous*

## MILK ARROWROOT Biscuits

*There is no Substitute for Quality.*